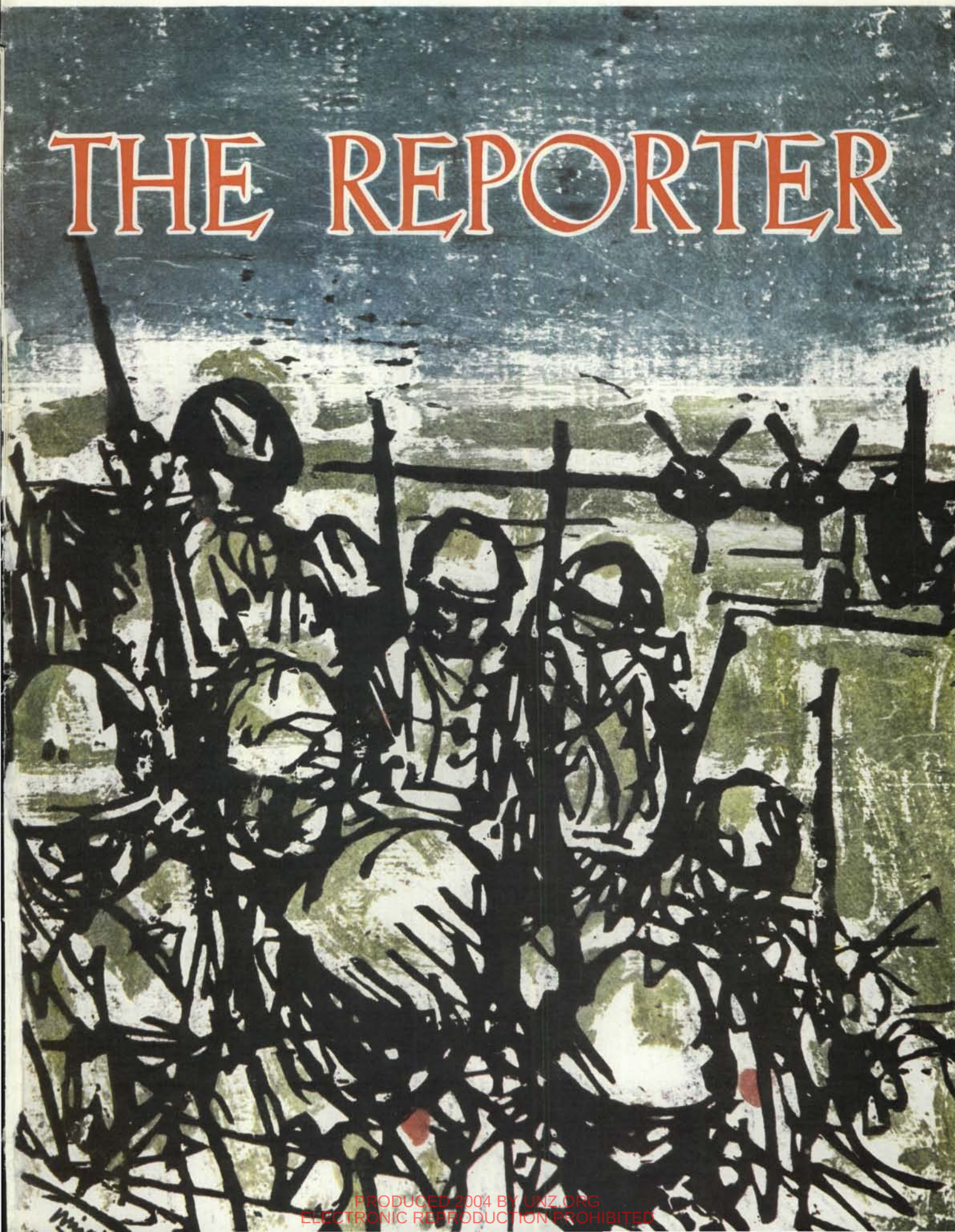
THE LAZY GIANT

December 13, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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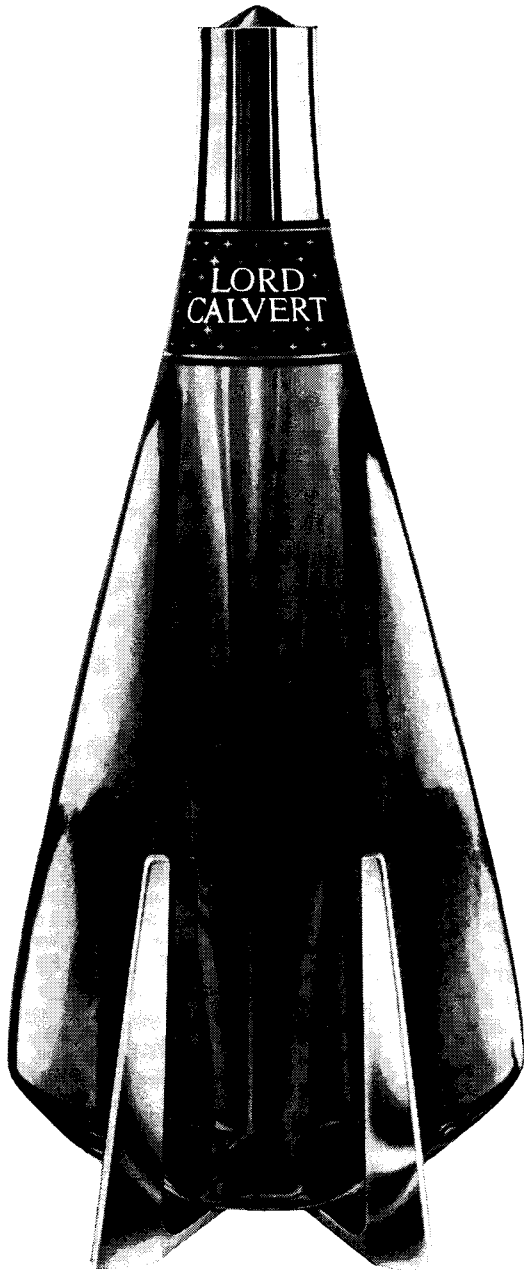
CHRISTMAS GIFT

Lord Calvert



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Ukase from the Pentagon

In an eight-page departmental memorandum released November 26, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson attempts to resolve by fiat a long-standing dispute between the Army and the Air Force over guided missiles, airlift, and tactical air support. While much of this controversy may appear highly technical to a layman, it is actually one that bears directly upon national policy as a whole. For on the roles of the various services and the types and priorities of their weapons depends not only the kind of war preparation to which we commit ourselves but also the resultant mobility or immobility of our armed strength in situations short of war.

Last spring, when the service dispute boiled over in the "revolt of the colonels," it focused on the issue of Air Force support of the Army. The Army claimed that the Air Force, intent on its concept of winning a future war by long-range nuclear bombardment, was neglecting the job of providing adequate airlift and close air support for the ground forces. Behind the Army's bill of particulars there lay, as *The Reporter* pointed out (in "The Army's Beefs Against the Air Force," June 14), a conviction that we must ready ourselves with highly mobile forces able quickly to cope with local threats or so-called brush-fire wars, and not place all our military eggs in the all-out atomic basket.

At the time when he first faced up to the dispute, Secretary Wilson's chief contribution was to threaten to lop off the head of the next transgressor: "We'll see who sticks his neck up next."

Now the Secretary's edict assigns limited roles to the Army's organic aviation and missiles, but prohibits it from conducting its own close air support. The Army is authorized to develop and operate "limited airlift capability" within the combat zone, but the Air Force is left with the job of lifting personnel and equipment *into* the combat zone as well as conducting all lift phases of paratroop operations.

THIS apparently does not go into the question of what size forces we might be able to move to trouble spots like Suez, say, and in how much time. That question was raised last spring and summer in the hearings held by Senator Symington's Armed Services Subcommittee on the Air Force. The issue was not who should operate the airlift but whether an adequate airlift was actually being provided. In *The Reporter* for November 29, Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr., cited the findings of experts that airlift provisions for moving forces to trouble spots in an emergency were woefully inadequate. But now the Wilson paper blandly states that the Air Force "presently provides adequate airborne lift in the light of currently approved strategic concepts."

The fact is that in giving to the Air Force the monopoly of troop-carrying and tactical aviation, the Wilson memorandum grants to the air generals the two functions lowest on their list of priorities. The Army, on the other hand, considers them vital. The cream of the Air Force budget will again go inevitably to General Curtis LeMay's Strategic Air Command, while air transport, which to the Army spells mobility, and combat air support, which supplies the battlefield with what is needed, are left to Air Force mercy to be cut and neglected.

GIFT LIST

Beneath the Christmas tree
These things I'd like to see:

Reducing pills for Nasser;
A paralyzing blight
For Soviet intentions;
A stimulant for Dwight.

Some kind of silver lining
For Britain's blackest cloud;
For France's dying glory
A decent silken shroud.

For Hungary, transfusions
For body and for soul
To honor her inscription
On freedom's honor roll.

For us, no further presents:
The pile is now so high
That it has almost covered
The star, up in the sky.

—SEC

Good News from Georgia

To most people it was apparent all through November that a serious breach had opened between the United States and our British and French Allies over Middle Eastern policy, and that nothing had yet occurred to repair it. In fact, it was hard to help knowing it. Newspapers, newscasts, and commentators dwelt on its evidences, and if anyone still had any doubt that there was actually major trouble among us, official spokesmen abroad also confirmed it in plain language. French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau sharply assailed our stand in the United Nations calling for immediate withdrawal of Anglo-French forces from Egypt as "aimed at the democracies." The Australian delegate to the U.N. on November 26 appealed to the Americans and British to get together again.

But perhaps such statements were not read at the National Golf Club at Augusta, Georgia. From his vacation headquarters there on November 27, President Eisenhower issued a cheerful statement to the effect that our differences with Britain and France didn't amount to

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anything, really, and that they hadn't by any means weakened the western alliance.

Unfortunately for the timing of the President's reassuring remarks, as issued from his temporary office above the golf pro's shop close to the fairway, other people in other places that same day felt impelled to strike just the opposite note. In Paris, Pineau spoke up again and voiced French "disappointment" and even "bitterness" (a word rarely used in diplomatic parlance) at America's attitude. In London, Sir Roger Makins declared that Anglo-American co-operation had been perhaps the most serious casualty of the Middle Eastern crisis. And that same day, while the President and his entourage were enjoying the out of doors, one hundred angry Conservative Members of Parliament put their names to a motion that "deplored" America's attitude over Suez as unfriendly to Britain's interests. As if this were not enough, Canada's External Affairs Secretary Lester B. Pearson also chose that day to say sardonically that his country didn't want to be "a chore boy of the United States"—or "a colonial chore boy" either.

All these outbursts appeared in next morning's papers alongside the President's assurance that everything was basically O.K. And the day after *that*—just in case anyone at Augusta had again missed seeing the front pages—British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd went out of his way to state that there were, in fact, "acute differences" between his government and ours.

Time vs. *Life*

Against the testimony of the sour comments quoted above, we have the unqualified word of *Time* magazine that the United States is at a peak of diplomatic prestige. "The world's gaze and the world's hope," we are told, "were directed toward Washington as rarely before." And not vainly, because "In time of crisis and threat of World War III, President Eisenhower had cast U.S. policy in a role to reflect the U.S.'s basic character—its insistence on justice, its desire for friendship, and its hatred of aggression and brutality."

Were it not for *Time's* forthright though undocumented assurance, one might think that if the Eisenhower Administration has insisted on anything in the Middle East, it has been on procrastination and evasion rather than justice. And one might also share the view of embittered Hungarians that our hatred of brutality, real as it is, has so far had only a verbal workout in the death struggle of their country. The Administration that started off with talk of "liberation" has wound up with the President murmuring that, after all, the United States "doesn't now, and never has, advocated open rebellion by an undefended populace against force over which they could not possibly prevail."

IF IT WERE not for *Time*, we would be left wondering whether the Administration is even aware that we are at one of those brinks which have so tempted Secretary of State Dulles in the past. The President has been vacationing. Mr. Dulles, just over a serious operation, understandably has been recuperating in Florida, where his deputy, Acting Secretary Hoover, less understandably joined him in some deep-sea fishing. A news dispatch explained that Hoover's visit "was only a matter of routine and was not prompted by any emergency."

In the meantime, as Walter Lippmann has soberly pointed out, "If anyone imagines that in supporting the Egyptian-Soviet line we are gaining influence and prestige which can be used for a settlement, he should have been in New York at the General Assembly at the end of last week." In Lippmann's words, "the initiative and the power are not in our hands, and we found ourselves doing what we did not want to do, and explaining that it was not so bad to do it . . ." Other serious commentators, the editorial writers of the New York *Times* among them, have concluded that American insistence on putting a return to the *status quo* ahead of plans for a genuine settlement is not only to ignore the whole history of Nasser's provocations but also to invite Russian colonialism to take up where British colonialism left off.

Beneath the surface, however, *Time* knows that the President is coolly and vigorously in command of the situation. Before leaving for Augusta, he is said to have cabled Ambassador Charles Bohlen in Moscow, instructing him to let the Russians know that if they moved troops into the Middle East, we would oppose them. All that the rest of us know, however, is that he has reacted to the threat of Russian "volunteers" only with the counterthreat of action in the U.N., which in the nature of things would mean nothing more than a stern resolution. And at an emergency meeting of the National Security Council, *Time* tells us, the President "picked off his glasses, and said grimly: 'If they move, we can only act like men.'"

Having no representatives at the closed sessions of the NSC, or access to diplomatic pouches, we are left to accept the implication that *Time* has somehow become the official mouthpiece of the Administration. So much so, in fact, that like *Pravda* it feels free to put us other erring journalists in our place. It recently rebuked James Reston of the New York *Times* for having "reported nonsensically" a general feeling in Washington that "the Soviet Union and Egypt have scored a tremendous victory." The Alsops were charged with having "ranted" on behalf of our West European Allies. Along with William H. Stringer of the *Christian Science Monitor*, they were all flatly put down as victims of the insidious cocktail-party technique of those slick British and French diplomats.

IT MAY all be just as *Time* says, but why should we believe so when *Life*, a fellow member of the Luce commonwealth, has grave reservations? As *Life* sees it editorially, "Here, surely, if ever there was one, is a tide in the affairs of men which roars to be taken at the flood." And how is the President "rising to the challenge?" He sounded "lame and passive" with respect to Hungary. He has made the U.N. a handy dodge for "passing the buck." And he has yet to use his immense power and prestige to perform in the Middle East the "creative act of peacemaking that is our task." Can it be that while *Time's* reporters were at the National Security Council table recording history, *Life's* were under a table at the British Embassy?

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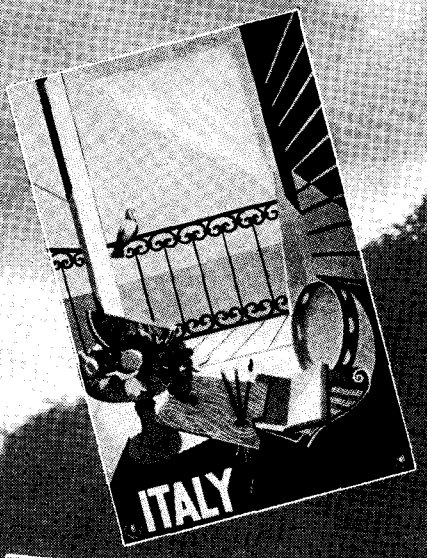

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CORRESPONDENCE

TWO EDITORIALS

To the Editor: Your editorial "The Price of Peacemongering" (*The Reporter*, November 29) hits the nail on the head. A great disservice is done to the U.N. by imposing impossible burdens on its Secretary-General, and by using its General Assembly as a vehicle for railroading resolutions which are the product of power-bloc combinations. Furthermore, the double standard as to enforcement which is being applied with respect to Hungary and the Middle East, quite apart from its moral implications, gives to the world a clear notice that the friends of the United States, and they alone, are expendable.

The implications of this latest twist in U.S. foreign policy are indeed frightening, as will soon become apparent unless the voice of public opinion forces upon the Administration a reappraisal and a return to sanity.

BRUNO FOA
New York City

To the Editor: Your editorial in the November 15 issue suggesting that Eisenhower appoint Adlai Stevenson his Secretary of State is excellent and will meet with wide approval—because the good Lord knows we need the rare qualities Stevenson possesses for this job, now more than ever. But I wonder if you read what happened on election night in the Washington hotel suite where Eisenhower and Nixon got the returns. Said the New York *Times*:

"They wanted to wait for Adlai E. Stevenson to concede, but as time dragged on, they decided to go into the main ballroom and claim victory. Just then, the defeated Democratic candidate came on the television screen. The President whipped off his eyeglasses and stuffed them in his pocket. 'I haven't listened to that fellow yet and I'm not going to start now,' he said emphatically, and stalked from the room."

Do you expect "a daring, risky, and unprecedented initiative" to be taken by a man of such small mind?

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

ON 'INVENTING' A RELIGION

To the Editor: It is nice of Mr. Colin Wilson ("Where Do We Go from Here?" *The Reporter*, November 15) to be concerned about "our civilization." Since he is attending to the problem ("to brood on the conditions under which a new religion might be hatched"), we may feel a quiet confidence that our difficulties will soon be over. His essay has made me speculate about the ceremonies appropriate to a religion designed by "an approach . . . as scientific as the aeronautical engineer's or aircraft designer's." I hope that all converts will be baptized by total immersion in lubricating oil (Three-in-One will do quite well).

I hope it is not impertinent to remind an author so learned as Mr. Wilson of the new religion which was given to the world in 1794 under the personal management of Maximilien Robespierre: "On May 7 he laid down the doctrines of immortality and the existence of a 'Supreme Being,' appointed thirty-six annual festivals, and fixed June 8 for an inaugural fête to the new Deity." This *Fête de l'Etre Suprême*, continues the account in the Cambridge Modern History (Volume VIII, p. 365), took place in the Tuileries, "where a huge group of wooden statues had been erected, representing Atheism surrounded by Vices and Folly and threatened by Wisdom. Atheism was set on fire but refused to catch, and *Sagesse* got singed." I wish Mr. Wilson better luck than Robespierre had (he was executed shortly afterward), but don't care much what happens to his wooden statues.

Mr. Wilson's tone of prophetic pessimism ("I believe our civilization is dying") may suggest that when he recommends "some fruitful thinking, some constructive thinking," he is not Norman Vincent Peale: that he differs from the editors of *Life* when he says, "It is time that the serious artist ceased to bother about reflecting his age or saving his soul, and accepted the responsibility of 'commitment.'" But the suggestion is misleading, and the difference superficial; he is peddling the same chromium-plated garbage about art as is exhibited in any society desiring to turn its artists into value decorators.

Art is related to morality, religion, "value," as the sexual act is related to reproduction: The latter is always a possible and even a likely result of the former, but it is not usually what one thinks of at the time.

HOWARD NEMEROV
Bennington, Vermont

To the Editor: After wading through Mr. Colin Wilson's conceits, punctuational and literary, one may truly ask, "Where do we go from here?" He advises the artistically sensitive to "brood on the conditions under which a new religion might be hatched."

Here are suggestions that may help Mr. Wilson warm his egg:

(1) If God is, religion must be something more than "a concept of the purpose of life," something more than individual or social cement. For if God is, He will be the measure of religion and not the measured solution to a problem of human integration.

(2) Mark Van Doren has said that if you look long enough, you will find "something of Mozart" in every single person you meet. If the average man is the mechanized jade Mr. Wilson makes him, why bother about shining up a new religion for him?

On the ground that religion has to do with life, which is infinitely more important than our literary refractions of it, I assert that Mr. Wilson's search for a new religion is hollow: It ignores God and has no love for men.

Given these lacunae, it seems fair to suggest that Mr. Wilson's brooding on the

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need for a new religion is an attempt to hatch a wind-egg.

FR. HILARY HAYDEN, O.S.B.
St. Anselm's Priory
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: In the name of Jane Austen, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, James, Nietzsche, Schiller, Bach, Aeschylus, Sartre, Anatole France, Shaw, Edmund Wilson, T. S. Eliot, the Deity, Adam and Eve, the Hebrew prophets, Plato, Kant, the Hindu prophets, Ecclesiastes, Augustine, Boethius, Pascal, Goethe, Rudolph Steiner, Mrs. Eddy, Madame Blavatsky, Beethoven, Joyce, Dos Passos, *et al.*, preserve this subscriber from any further exposure to the Brobdingnagianly indigestible, namedroppingly pretentious idiocy of Wilson. Mencken! thou shouldst be living at this hour. Even Hemingway's sleeping bag is preferable to this moonstruck kid sacked in the big books on Hampstead Heath.

R. D. HARVEY
Evanston, Illinois

DOCUMENTARY TV

To the Editor: I want you to know how much I appreciate Marya Mannes's *Reporter* article on "Eye on New York's" documentary on the Wassaic State School for the Mentally Retarded (*The Reporter*, November 15).

Television is too often simply a one-way street; but an article such as hers shows us that there is, after all, another human being watching, reacting, appreciating, or, as the case may be, questioning.

There was, however, one inaccuracy in the article. Miss Mannes said "Eye on New York" is being dropped, and happily, that is not the case. "Eye on New York" is currently on the CBS Television Network, Saturday afternoons; and although our time slot may be changed from time to time, there are no plans for dropping the program.

LEE HANNA
Associate Producer
"Eye on New York"
CBS Television
New York

BURMA

To the Editor: While "Who—What—Why—" of Nov. 15 notes that Burma is "one of those so-called uncommitted Asian nations which never commit themselves against Communism," it certainly has continually committed itself against Communists—through eight years of fighting. Its stand against Communist aggression has been fully as good as many of the "committed" nations. Burma supported the U.N. in Korea and gave four hundred tons of rice for relief. Today U Ba Swe, both at the Asian Socialist Conference in Bombay and at the Colombo Powers meeting in New Delhi, has led the "uncommitted Asian nations" in denouncing Russian action in Hungary which he has called "the most despicable form of colonialism." And it has been reported in Rangoon that only a failure to receive instructions in time accounted for the Burmese abstention on the United States resolution in the U.N.

JOHN SEABURY THOMSON
Assistant Professor of Political Science
University of Wisconsin
Madison

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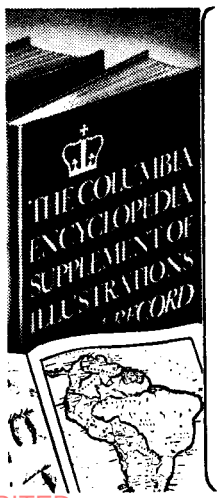

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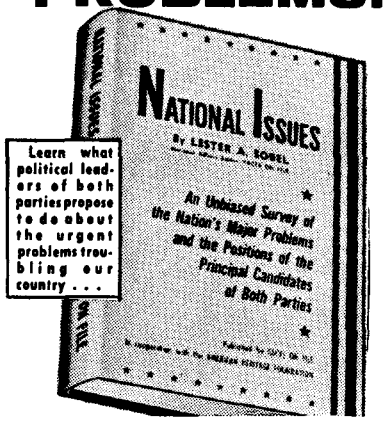
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AMERICA'S share of responsibility for what has happened during the last tragic weeks seems to us particularly grave for two reasons. One is that in the free world ours is the paramount power, political as well as military. The second reason is that as Americans we believe it possible to redress the wrongs we do to ourselves and to others. In this latest crisis we have sinned by omission rather than in act. **Max Ascoli's** editorial stresses this point.

Our Mediterranean Correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** managed to go to Cairo as soon as the U.N. forces started landing in Egypt. As our readers know from her previous reports, she has many contacts and friends in that part of the world. She tells us what she saw and thought while in Egypt, and her article, cabled from Rome, is one that Egyptian censorship certainly would not have passed. It is probable that the Egyptian authorities would not be happy to see her return just now, but things may change.

In a different way and for different reasons, the articles on Hungary and Poland should fill us, we believe, with a deep sense of shame. The Hungarian leader with whom **Leslie B. Bain** talked in Budapest was not a Communist and not a fascist. He was the leader of the strongest political party in Hungary prior to the Communist conquest of power: the Smallholders Party. This man believed in America yet, being a wise man, did not expect too much of a foreign nation with so many other interests. But neither did he expect so little. Mr. Bain has the advantage of long familiarity with Hungarian politics and speaks the language. **S. L. Shneiderman,** a frequent contributor, gives us the sensational yet official account of what took place in Poland when Gomulka got the upper hand. Our staff writer **Marya Mannes** brings her direct, visual notes from the United Nations—an institution that we feel free to criticize because of the great respect we have for it and its leader.

WE PUBLISH two accounts of what recently has happened to two Communist Parties—that of the United States and that of France. Our Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** writes about the post-Stalin storm as reflected in that teapot which is the American C.P. **André Fontaine,** on the staff of the Paris *Le Monde*, describes another aspect of that same storm in the oceanic pond that is the French C.P.

A Midwestern contributor, **James A. Maxwell,** describes a little-known racial minority group which is strangely composed of people who are truly both white and Protestant: the Kentucky mountaineers who migrated to urban industrial centers in the Middle West. **Joe Miller,** free-lance writer, tells us about the curious phenomenon of the Democratic victory in the Congressional and state elections of the Northwest. This is not all we shall have to say about the recent elections; more comment will come in due course.

For a long time at the U.N. and at most of the major international gatherings, a man has diligently been acquiring the distinction of being a sort of Dale Carnegie in reverse —Krishna Menon. **Philip Deane,** former correspondent for the London *Observer* in New Delhi, now stationed in Washington, gives us an account of this rather extraordinary and pathetic character.

Ethel Wilson is a Canadian writer who lives in Vancouver. Her latest two novels, *Lilly's Story* and *Swamp Angel*, were published by Harper. **Gerald Weales's** *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* will be published next spring by Atlantic-Little Brown. Among **Malcolm Cowley's** books are *Exile's Return* and *The Literary Situation* (Viking). He is the editor of the Hawthorne and Faulkner Viking Portables. **Leslie A. Fiedler** conducted the Christian Gauss seminar in Princeton this fall. He is the author of *An End to Innocence: Essays On Culture and Politics.*

Our cover is by **Gil Miret.**

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THE REPORTER
THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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MAX ASCOLI

The Lazy Giant

THERE is some consolation in the thought that much of what has been happening in these last, horrid weeks is the result of our own mistakes. Since the trouble is within ourselves—the mental laziness of that giant that is America—Americans can take care of it.

We, and not we alone, have been indulging in the free coinage of symbols proposed as cure-alls for international difficulties. Symbols have indeed a great if always limited curative value, particularly in the conflicts of power. The latest symbol now stands guard along the Suez Canal. Its name is the United Nations Emergency Force. In that force, membership is restricted to the minor powers: The last are first. The new law for the world and the force destined to make it effective are born at one and the same time. The millennium is at hand.

A first step out of the fog is to look at UNEF, that symbol embodied in no more than the minimum requirements for corporeal entity. Once the three invading armies have left the sacred soil of Egypt, UNEF is supposed to take over. Take over what? If we can manage to wipe from our eyes the mist of happy tears over this new world aborning, we will see that there are only two ways in which UNEF can act. It can clean house in Egypt, see to it that the canal is run in the interests of the international community it was dug out to serve, see to it that the resources of the entire Middle Eastern region are made to profit the peoples of this region rather than a few old- or new-fangled tyrants. Or UNEF can act as an urbane, better-mannered substitute for the Russian volunteers.

It is plain which of these two roles UNEF now is playing. It was precisely in order to prevent the Israelis, the British, and the French from doing the housecleaning job that it was sent to Egypt in the first place. It is in Egypt courtesy of Nasser. Its major and not negligible virtue is that it saves the miserable people of Egypt from the ordeal of the Spaniards at the time of their so-called Civil War.

Yet UNEF as a symbol expresses something real. What it accurately and tragically renders is the present imbalance of power in which Communism, with all its Asian, African, and American allies, is on the rampage—while the democracies of Europe are close to collapse.

THERE is one thing for which we can be thankful: The pious, unthinking, lazy moralism that for too long has been the lingo of our government and propaganda has brought matters to a head. Now, here we are. If we make the effort to see through the soul-lifting myths and look at the facts, we can get on the road to sanity and security.

What really happened?

The Administration's diplomacy drove Britain and France to such a point of distraction that, for their own salvation, they felt compelled to do a thing that was slightly against the still hazy principles of the United Nations, and more than slightly risky. Therefore Britain, France, and Israel as well had to be brought to account and their behavior submitted to judgment. But if the Administration had possessed a minimum of common sense it would have recognized in the U.N. Assembly that the three nations had indeed been guilty, with extenuating circumstances, of a sort of international misdemeanor, not a major crime, and it would have urged at once that something radical be done to clear up the whole Middle Eastern mess. As this magazine has suggested, the only way to reach any real result is to have the whole region neutralized, and to negotiate that neutralization with Soviet Russia.

The Administration is reluctant to recognize the Russians' role in the Middle East and shies away from negotiating with them; that would be appeasement. Therefore, to avoid appeasement, the Administration follows the Russian lead and acts as a Russian satellite.

It does this for high principle. There is nothing it will not do for principle—including being unmerciful to the allies on whose strength we depend. For principle, too, the Administration is desperately searching for grandmothers with colored pigmentation so that we too can make the grade at the new Bandung Conference.

WHEN the people of Hungary rose against their masters, our country and the United Nations acted once again: They issued a declaration. This time it was followed by no international army, no U.N. investigating committee; no one from the U.N. even peeped into Hungary. This time, what the U.N. declaration symbolized was a universal funk for which, once again, the major responsibility must fall on our nation.

Is that enough? Do we need further evidence, can we endure further evidence, of the cowardice and stupidity that have made these last weeks so unbearable? We do not think so. Americans are not stupid. And the Hungarians have shown us what men can do who are not cowards.

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How the United States Saved Nasser

CLAIRE STERLING

CAIRO

IN Liberation Square here stands an exhibit of twisted metal presented by the Ministry of National Guidance as the wreckage of a British bomber shot down by Egyptian anti-aircraft fire. Thousands of Cairenes have gone to see it. Few, however, realize that this small mound of metal, no bigger than a man can carry, consists of empty fuel tanks dumped by British planes.

Like other dictators, Nasser has found it remarkably easy to deceive his people so long as the deception is comforting. He has told the Egyptians that the planes destroyed by the Anglo-French bombardment of Egyptian airfields were wooden dummies, that all his military equipment is still intact, and that Sinai was Egypt's Dunkirk and Port Said its Stalingrad. Because it is easier for them to accept this than to recognize that their army didn't fight, millions of Egyptians believe him.

The army, of course, knows better. It is common knowledge in military circles that in a ten-day war Nasser lost from one-third to one-half of his magnificent Russian weapons—including two hundred genuine MIGs—without using them, and failed to engage the enemy seriously either on land or in the air. It is said in these circles that Commander in Chief General Abdel Hakim Amer threatened to resign because Nasser refused either to counterattack in Sinai or to commit the regular army to the defense of the Canal Zone or resist the Anglo-French bombers. It is also said that Nasser overruled Amer because he was determined to save his army, not for his soldiers' sake but for his own—because he needed them to protect him from his people in the shock of defeat.

Whatever the reason, Nasser did order his Sinai forces to retreat after only three days of not very illustrious resistance. He did leave the defense of Port Said to about one battalion of commandos while he kept a full division of his regular troops in the Nile Delta and Cairo.

There are some Egyptian generals wearing mourning today because of Nasser's order confining his pilots to the ground, and because he left forty thousand troops in Sinai to get home however they could. Those who were not taken prisoner or did not die of hunger and thirst in that panic-stricken retreat, those who walked back through miles of baked desert, selling their weapons to the Bedouins for food and drink, are just

now beginning to limp back to their villages. Many aren't even troubling to report back to their barracks. Few feel covered with the glory of a Dunkirk.

Living Dangerously

Months or years may pass before this kind of knowledge filters through to the whole population, if it ever does. Nasser's propaganda machine is proving far more useful to him than his Russian tanks and jets. With every passing day, his press and radio add more substance to his image as a legendary hero who fought with honor, surrendered with dignity, and knew how to summon the whole world to his side in Egypt's hour of need. There is no one to challenge this image because the army—for the present—will not do so.

Most observers agree that if Nasser had been defeated by the Israelis alone, he could not have stayed in office another day. He was saved by the Anglo-French intervention, which made him a martyr. But that in itself might not have been enough to protect him for long, particularly if the British and French had been permitted to occupy the whole Canal Zone, which military observers believe would have taken only another twenty-four hours. Nor would he have been much safer if the Russians had sent the volunteers he asked for—a prospect that terrified the Egyptian Army at least as much as it did the U.S. State Department. What really saved him was the United States.

If the Egyptian military leaders were angered by the recklessness of Nasser's Suez coup last July, they were appalled by the disaster it led to three months later. But their attitude changed when the United States rushed to Nasser's defense directly after the invasion, forced Britain and France to stop their advance along the canal, and adopted the unequivocal view, in the U.N. and out, that its closest European allies were committing unjustified aggression, with Nasser the innocent victim. Nasser's fellow officers saw then that he might well win back everything he had lost—Sinai, the Canal, perhaps even a whole new set of planes and tanks—through nothing costlier than diplomacy. They are waiting for this to happen now. If it does, there is little doubt that Nasser will become a colossus that

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the West can never topple. Before that comes about, the State Department would be well advised to reconsider its present policy.

Fear and Desire

Of all arguments in favor of that policy, the moral one is the weakest. Leaving aside the question of our own responsibility for this crisis—it was America, after all, that provoked Nasser into his Suez coup by backtracking on funds for the Aswan High Dam and then pulled the rug out from under Britain and France in subsequent negotiations—the fact is that no Egyptian I talked with thinks we have been acting out of high moral considerations. They think we are motivated by two interests: fear of Russian penetration—by peaceful means in Southeast Asia, by warlike means in the Arab states; and the desire, fanned by the American oil lobby, to inherit Britain's economic and political power in the Middle East.

No one who has been in Cairo these past weeks could doubt that the State Department's fear on the first count is justified, and its desire on the second count practical, if not strikingly virtuous. The question is whether Nasser can be relied on to co-operate with the State Department on either count.

There is no point in trying to decide whether Nasser is personally on the side of the West or the East. Having become the classic dictator by now, Nasser is plainly, first and foremost, on the side of Nasser. As a hemophilic dictator who cannot afford to lose a drop of blood, he can almost certainly be expected to choose whichever side is not only the less likely to prick him but is the more likely to provide elaborate treatment for his wounds. Until now such treatment has been forthcoming exclusively from Russia, which gave him more arms than he could use against Israel, unconditional backing on Suez, and the offer to start a third world war after the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion. If the State Department wants to compete with the Kremlin on that basis, it is undeniably free to do so. But it will have to do it on Kremlin terms. If it intends to compete primarily with money, as thinking in Washington suggests, it seems destined to fail.

Nasser has needed money—lots of it—since he assumed power in 1954. The United States has been the obvious source of this money, and has given Egypt $117 million in loans and grants since the revolution of 1952—though the Egyptians have still to read a word of this in their newspapers. Russia hasn't given Nasser a ruble, and is making him pay in cotton for all the splendid armaments he has had and lost. Nevertheless, Russia has been winning the race hands down.

The depth of the Soviet penetration into Egypt within the last year is downright frightening. It is no longer limited to official contacts between the Soviet Ambassador and the Egyptian President, to fraternization between Egyptian officers and Soviet technicians, to friendly weekly gatherings at the Soviet Embassy for the government elite. It is reaching down now to the Egyptian masses, to young university students, privates in the army, the poorest city Arabs, even the deeply religious peasant fellahin. Communism is more than merely acceptable in Egypt today; it is fashionable.

Reds in the Régime

There is a certain piquancy in Nasser's claim that the Communist Party is still illegal in Egypt and its members still in jail. There are several thousand Egyptians in jail, more and more of them being subjected to such standard fascist treatment as having their fingernails torn out or their intestines ruptured by compressed air blown through the rectum. They are not Communists, however. For the most part they are intellectuals guilty of opposing the régime. The true Communists are in much more comfortable positions.

Several are employed on the staff of Egypt's most authoritative newspaper, *Al Goumhouria*, which lives on a government subsidy. Others are working for *Al Chaab*, a state-subsidized paper run by the extremist Salah Salem. Others are working for the new newspaper *Al Mass'Aa*, published by Khaled Mohieldine, known as the Red Major, who was thrown out of the Free Officers' Junta and exiled, on charges of organizing a Communist conspiracy, less than two years ago. Mohieldine was recently given three-quarters of a million dollars by the régime to launch his paper. It is hardly surprising that a press in such hands should have all but ignored the Russian atrocities in Hungary and persuaded the Egyptians almost to a man that Soviet rockets would soon be falling on London.

At least three other Egyptians whose warm Soviet sympathies were known publicly long before the Egyptian revolution now occupy extraordinarily sensitive posts. One is Fathy Radwan, the Minister of National Guidance. Another is Rashed El Barawy, director of the Industrial Bank, whose Arabic translation of Marx's *Das Kapital* is the only one on sale in Egypt. The third is Ahmed Fuad, a director of fourteen big companies, including the powerful Bank Misr, which controls the bulk of Egypt's domestic and foreign commerce. It was in Fuad's home that Nasser prepared his revolutionary leaflets, and it was he whom Nasser sent to Russia last summer in search of an insurance company to replace Lloyd's.

Voyage Toward Russia

These personnel arrangements may be part of a *quid pro quo* for Russian armaments. If so, however, Nasser is paying considerably more than even the Communist Tito would pay. He is leaning on Russia well beyond the point of no return that Tito himself warned of. The Yugoslav dictator had advised Nasser at Brioni to keep his trade dependence on Russia down to twenty-five per cent. This year, the Russian bloc will be taking more than fifty

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per cent of Egypt's cotton crop, which makes up ninety per cent of its exports. Only part of it will be in payment for arms. The rest will be going behind the Iron Curtain because the Soviets are outbidding the world on the Alexandria futures market, reselling this cotton at normal prices—and for hard currency—to western Europe, and repaying Egypt with obsolete machinery from the satellite states.

Reportedly, the State Department withdrew its High Dam offer last July because it felt that Nasser had already passed the point of no return on his voyage toward Russia. He has evidently traveled much further since. If it is arguable that he can be persuaded to turn back, then it is useful to calculate the probable price.

Nasser is going to need a great deal more money now, not only to develop the Egyptian economy—he has still to get around to that—but to repair the damage done by his ruinous political decisions this year. The State Department cannot expect many private American investors to put their own capital into Egypt when nearly every other foreign investor is either pulling out or being thrown out. The régime's current confiscation of British, French, and Jewish business properties—said to be worth upward of a billion dollars—is not simply an act of reprisal. It is the latest phase of an Egyptianization program that began two years ago, which is plainly aimed at eventually forcing all foreign interests out of the country. A good case in point is the large phosphate mine at Safaga, recently taken over by the government from an Italian owner on the ground of its usefulness to the war effort. The government is now negotiating for the mine's sale to Ahmed Abboud, the richest industrialist in Egypt.

Profitable Confiscations

The profit motive is as clear as the xenophobia in this confiscation program. It is barbarous but highly profitable, for instance, not only to deport all twenty-five thousand British and French residents of Egypt but to make them go with only fifty dollars apiece, leaving all personal property behind. It is particularly barbarous, but also profitable, to do the same to Egypt's fifty thousand Jews, many of whom are either stateless persons or Egyptian citizens. Nasser has gotten around this last with a new decree permitting him to deprive "Zionist" Jews of their citizenship. It is interesting in this connection that the first Jew to be interned when war broke out in Egypt—and have his property seized—was also the richest. He was worth $10 million.

Who Pays for the Losses?

On one pretext or another, the Egyptian economy is rapidly being socialized. But who can pay for the losses of all these socialistic adventures? Certainly not the Egyptian economy, which is in no condition whatsoever to take over such vast enterprises. To make up all their losses, the Egyptian socialized or nationalized concerns could turn only to America. America would also have to replace—to say the least—the vanished foreign investments. But if we assume that with such generosity we can slide smoothly into the markets left vacant by Britain, we are mistaken. "Today," says one highly placed Egyptian, "I'm wearing a British suit, British shoes, British socks—and I'm fighting the British. Tomorrow I'll be wearing an American suit, American shoes, American socks, and—"

Still we might try it. No one can say how much money would be necessary. But it is almost fated that if we offer half a billion dollars Nasser will ask for a billion, and if he gets it, will ask for two.

In the same way, Nasser cannot fail to keep raising his price on the diplomatic front. If we get Britain and France out of Port Said today, he will ask us to extract war reparations from them tomorrow, and to indict Eden and Mollet as war criminals the next day. And he will surely ask first for a diminished and then for an exterminated Israel.

These things are fated because they are built into the kind of dictatorship Nasser is running. It is a dictatorship based on exacerbated nationalism. The natural target of that nationalism is not Russia but the West; and with Britain and France already kicked to death in Egypt, America is the only dog left to kick. It is politically impossible, therefore, for Nasser to be satisfied with, or grateful for, anything America may give him. And even if we gave him everything—money, new arms, the canal, Eden's head, Israel's existence—the Russians could still offer him more of everything than we could, except money, and would still have a better chance of winning because of the political progress they have already made.

The 'Better Bet'

It is often said these days, especially around the U.S. Embassy in Cairo, that for all his drawbacks Nasser would still be a better bet than anyone who might replace him. While the same has been said of every modern dictator, including Franco, it is a partially valid argument. Whoever replaced Nasser might well be not only as much of a xenophobe but considerably weaker, and thus an easier prey for the Russians. Nasser, however, hasn't managed to stay out of the Russian trap so well, and whoever took his place would at least not start out with such a commanding hold on the Arab world.

True, any replacement for Nasser

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would probably try to ride the tide of Arab nationalism, but Nasser hasn't simply been riding that tide; he has been pumping it up to flood proportions. Aside from the propaganda he has been beaming daily to every corner of Islam through his Voice of the Arabs radio, he has spent $30 million this year on subversive activities—the phrase is hackneyed but accurate—in neighboring Arab states. Much of this has been channeled through the Nile Advertising Company, with headquarters in Beirut. The rest has been distributed by the Egyptian Embassies in the Sudan, Libya, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq.

The use to which this money was put is demonstrated by three episodes, all of which have taken place since the outbreak of hostilities. The Egyptian military attaché in Tripoli, Colonel Ishmael Sadek, was ordered out of the country by the Libyan government, charged with distributing explosives believed to have been used in blowing up a British supply depot. He refused to leave, took refuge in his embassy for seven days, and was then taken out of the country under police escort. In Beirut, the Lebanese police arrested an Egyptian assistant military attaché while he was sitting in a car loaded with explosives and detonators. The arrest was made after a series of terrorist explosions directed against the new pro-western Lebanese government. Of twenty-two others arrested with him, only two were Lebanese. Finally, the Ethiopian government has requested Egypt to recall its military attaché because of his "activities against the security of Ethiopia."

Friendly Syria

There is no doubt that even without high-pressure propaganda and subversion, Nasser would enjoy considerable popularity among the Egyptian masses. But all the feverish Egyptian activities in neighboring countries show that a goodly measure of the ostensibly spontaneous Arab demonstrations in his favor are, to understate it, synthetic. In many cases the Arab leaders now paying him official homage are being forced into it by terrorist acts of Egyptian mercenaries.

One country where this is not true is Syria, which is now recognized as a Soviet puppet state. It is noteworthy that Shukri al Kuwatly's campaign for the Presidency of Syria was financed by Nasser, that Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, Syrian Army Intelligence Chief, is Russia's No. 1 agent in Damascus and also Nasser's close personal friend, and that there are almost as many Syrian agents operating, with Nasser money, in other Arab states as there are Egyptian.

There is little doubt that many an Arab ruler would be relieved to see the Egyptian dictator fall. Reportedly, the same is true of Asian leaders like Nehru, who is said to be much distressed by Nasser's political intemperance, contempt for democracy, distortion of valid nationalist sentiment, and even his friendliness toward Russia.

Agonizing Decision

But Nasser won't fall unless the Americans let him fall, and our only chance to do that is now. There are those in Egypt who see this chance and pray for it. Some are middle-class civilians—professors, lawyers, doctors, engineers, and businessmen—who count for little or nothing in present-day Egypt. Others, however, are army officers who believe that Nasser is ruining his country and will turn it over to Russia in the end. There are said to be only fifty officers left in the hard core of Nasser's supporters—the fruits of whose loyalty are now beginning to appear in the form of Cadillacs, expensive apartments, and lucrative directorships of confiscated firms. The others are watching him—and us—and trembling.

The State Department may be facing an agonizing decision in having to choose between pulling or pushing a man who seems too dangerous either to support or to oppose. But is it entirely necessary to make such a hard-and-fast decision now? Nasser is under tremendous pressure. He is broke, and his economy is in chaos. His soldiers are coming home from Sinai with stories he cannot afford to have Egyptians hear. The hated Israelis are still in Sinai, and the British and French still in Port Said. If he tries to force them out with Russian help, he will destroy not only himself and Egypt but perhaps most of the world. Even while he awaits our decision, his stock is rapidly going down in the West as the true nature of his collusion with Russia becomes clearer. No western power could ignore the fact that Nasser is joining with Russia in pushing Syria into a war with Iraq. Their motives may be different, but Iraq is a crucial part of our Northern Tier defense system, not to mention its being one of the three biggest oil producers in the world.

To say that there is no possibility of Nasser's collapse is to accept his own propaganda. If he has been greatly strengthened by recent developments, he has also become far more vulnerable in the event that his current diplomatic luck fails to hold out. If his only fear now were a renewal of the fighting in the Canal Zone he would not be keeping so many thousand troops in Cairo, where they are encamped in schools, clubs, public gardens, and the city's biggest intersections with machine guns ready for action.

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Budapest: Interview In a Basement Hideaway

LESLIE B. BAIN

LATE in the evening of Sunday, November 4—a night of terror in Budapest that no one who lived through it will ever forget—I met Béla Kovács, one of the leaders of Hungary's short-lived revolutionary government, in a cellar in the city's center. Constant thunder sounded from the pavement above us as Soviet tanks rumbled through the streets, firing heavy guns and machine-gunning house fronts. All day long, Soviet troops had been re-entering the city after their feigned withdrawal, and they had already arrested Premier Imre Nagy along with most of his Ministers and embarked on large-scale reprisals.

Kovács, as a Minister of State of the Nagy régime, had started off for the Parliament Building early that morning, but he never reached it. Soviet tanks were there ahead of him. Now he squatted on the floor opposite me, a fugitive from Soviet search squads.

The cannonade continued all night as we huddled there in the foul air of the small space under dripping pipes. The sound was louder when we cautiously opened a small window. It told us only too clearly that all hope for the uprising against the Soviets had gone. After two weeks of the heroism of an aroused people, nothing was left but a destroyed dream. For several hours Kovács sat plunged in a depression too deep for talk. Then at last he began to recount what he had been through on that fateful day.

THE DIM LIGHT deepened the heavy lines of his face. A hunched, stocky man, with a thin mustache and half-closed eyes, Béla Kovács was only a shadow of the robust figure he once had been. Now in his early fifties, he had risen to prominence after the war as one of the top leaders of the Hungarian Independent Smallholders Party. Back in 1947, when Mátyás Rákosi began taking over the government with the support of the Soviet occupation forces, Kovács had achieved fame by being the only outstanding anti-Communist Hungarian leader to defy Rákosi and continue open opposition. His prestige had become so great among the peasantry that at first the Communists had not molested him. But then the Soviets themselves stepped in, arresting him on a trumped-up charge of plotting against the occupation forces and sentencing him to life imprisonment. After eight years in Siberia, Kovács was returned to Hungary and transferred to a Hungarian jail, from which he was released in the spring of 1956, broken in body but not in spirit by his long ordeal. After what was called his "rehabilitation," Kovács was visited by his old enemy Rákosi, who called to pay his respects. Rákosi was met at the door by this message from Kovács: "I do not receive murderers in my home."

The Defiance of Mr. Bibo

So long as Nagy's government was still under the thumb of the Communist Politburo, Kovács refused to have anything to do with the new régime. Only in the surge of the late October uprising, when Nagy succeeded in freeing himself from his former associates and cast about to form a coalition government, did Kovács consent to lend his name and immense popularity to it. He himself had not been in Budapest when the revolt broke out, but at his home in Pécs, a southern city near the Yugoslav border. In fact, he told me, he was made a member of the new Nagy government before he had even a chance to say "Yes" or "No," but, understanding the situation and what Nagy was trying to do, he had agreed to go along. The name of Kovács among the Ministers of State was to many Hungarians a guarantee of a new era in which the government would carry out the mandates of the victorious revolution.

At about six o'clock in the morning of November 4, when Soviet tanks were already pouring into the city, Kovács had received a message from Nagy calling an immediate meeting of the Cabinet. When he reached Parliament Square the Russians had already thrown a tight cordon around it. One of Nagy's new Ministers, Zoltan Tildy, who had been ousted from the Presidency in 1948, came out of the building and told Kovács that he had just negotiated a surrender agreement with the Russians whereby civilians would be permitted to leave the building unmolested in exchange for surrendering the seat of the government. However, Tildy reported, State Minister István Bibo refused to leave and had entrenched himself with a machine gun on the second floor. Tildy begged Kovács to get in touch with Bibo by telephone and order him to leave. Then Tildy himself left.

Kovács called Bibo from a nearby phone and tried to persuade him to leave. He was unable to move the aroused Minister, whose argument was that if the Russians moved against him, this would serve as a clear demonstration before the world that Soviet forces had been employed to crush the independent Hungarian government. Bibo declared that the Russians intended to install Janos Kadar and his clique as a new government, and by not yielding, he wanted to demonstrate that the exchange of governments was accomplished by armed force.

I told Kovács that as late as four in the afternoon, I had been in touch with the beleaguered Bibo by telephone. He was still holding out, but an hour later his private line did not answer. By that time Premier Nagy himself was in custody, and the Ministers who had not been arrested were in hiding. Kovács voiced his admiration of both Bibo and the Premier. "My fondest memory of Nagy," he said to me, "will always be his transformation from an easy-going, jolly, studious professor into a flaming revolutionary."

"WHAT DO you think caused the Russians to change their tactics and come in again?" I asked Kovács.

"Two things. First, we went too

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fast and too far, and the Communists panicked. Second, the Russians felt deeply humiliated." He went on to explain that he felt that all the goals of the revolution could have been attained if there had been a way to slow down the process. In a free election, he estimated, all the left-of-center parties would not command more than thirty per cent of the vote. But a free election was what the Communists were afraid to risk.

"Wouldn't such an election have brought in the extreme Right and possibly a new reign of White Terror?" I asked.

Kovács admitted there might have been a possibility of that, but he was convinced it could have been checked in time. He went on to say that in his estimation there was no chance of reconstituting large landholdings in the hands of their former owners or of the workers' permitting the return of the mines and factories to their former owners. "The economic salvation of Hungary lies in a mixed economy, combining capitalism, state ownership, and co-operatives," he said. Politically, there had been the likelihood of a strongly rightist development, but, in the absence of economic power, after a few short months the extremists would have been silenced.

As FOR the Russians, Kovács thought that their pride had run away with their common sense. "When Pál Maléter [Nagy's Minister of Defense and commander of all armed forces] reported about his first contact with the Russian high command only yesterday, he said the Russians made just three demands—the restoration of destroyed Red Army memorials and desecrated Russian cemeteries, a guarantee that the resting places of Soviet soldiers would in future be respected by the Hungarians, and finally that the Soviet Army when leaving Hungary should be accorded full military honors."

The Nagy government had felt that these demands were reasonable and that their fulfillment was a small price to pay for getting rid of the Russians. Yet when Maléter had gone to meet again with the Soviet commanders later that Saturday evening, he had never come back—and now their tanks were shooting up the city.

'They Will Fail'

I asked Kovács whether he felt the Nagy government's declaration of neutrality had aroused the Soviet leaders to action. No, he thought that the decision to crush the Hungarian revolution was taken earlier and independently of it. Obviously

Nagy

the Russians would not have rejoiced at a neutral Hungary, but so long as economic co-operation between the states in the area was assured, the Russians and their satellites should not have been too unhappy.

In that regard, Kovács assured me, there was never a thought in the Nagy government of interrupting the economic co-operation of the Danubian states. "It would have been suicidal for us to try tactics hostile to the bloc. What we wanted was simply the right to sell our product to the best advantage of our people and buy our necessities where we could do it most advantageously."

"Then in your estimation there was no reason why the Russians should have come in again and destroyed the revolution?"

"None unless they are trying to revert to the old Stalinist days. But if that is what they really are trying—and at the moment it looks like it—they will fail, even more miserably than before. The tragedy of all this is that they are burning all the bridges which could lead to a peaceful solution."

He went on in the semi-darkness to say that after today there would be no way to bring about a *rapprochement* between Hungary and the Soviet Union. The wound the Russians were inflicting on Hungary was so deep that it would fester for generations. "Yet we can't pick up Hungary and take it somewhere else. We have to go on living with our ancient neighbors who are now in the Soviet grip."

WE DISCUSSED the revolution itself. Kovács's somber eyes lit up. "It has brought modern history to a turning point," he said. "It has exposed totalitarian fallacies more sharply than any event before. Our people were beaten, cowed, and for years lived in abject surrender, yet when the hour struck they all streamed out of their homes, Communists and non-Communists alike, to regain their self-respect by defying their tormentors. And look what happened to the Communist Party! It disappeared overnight—not forced to dissolve, but by common consent! Have you ever heard of a ruling party voting itself out of existence? Once the revolution touched them, all became Hungarians—all except those whose crimes were too many to be forgiven. These are the ones who now serve their Russian masters."

As to Janos Kadar, the Russian favorite just being installed as Premier, Kovács was reserved. He was not sure that Kadar agreed with all that his masters had dictated. Kovács knew, as we all did, that on Friday, November 2, while still serving the Nagy government, Kadar had disappeared from Budapest. All efforts to locate him failed, and it was widely thought that he had been kidnaped by the Russians. Whether this was true was hard to say in the light of subsequent developments, but Kovács thought he might still be acting under compulsion. "Compulsion or no, he has an impossible task."

What seemed to depress Kovács more than anything else was the immediate future of the people of Hungary. He detailed the damage to the country's economy (this was on a day when the damage was only

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half as great as it became in the following six days) and said that without large and immediate deliveries of coal and wood everything in the country would break down. Food would be scarce and later unobtainable except in minute quantities through rationing. He estimated that the physical damage in Budapest would take anywhere from ten to fifteen years to repair. "Don't forget," he added, "the wreckage of the Second World War is still with us because of the crazy economic planning of the Communists."

'Tell Your People'

Now and then the sudden staccato of machine guns was heard nearby, amid the artillery. Kovács said that he wanted to leave "so as not to embarrass my host." I begged him to wait until morning when more people would be on the streets and he would not be so conspicuous. He agreed to stay on.

The talk moved toward the crucial point: How much truth was in the Russian assertion that the revolution had become a counter-revolution and that therefore Russian intervention was justified?

"I tell you," said Kovács, "this was a revolution from inside, led by Communists. There is not a shred of evidence that it was otherwise. Communists outraged by their own doings prepared the ground for it and fought for it during the first few days. This enabled us former non-Communist party leaders to come forward and demand a share in Hungary's future. Subsequently this was granted by Nagy, and the Social Democratic, Independent Smallholders, and Hungarian Peasant Parties were reconstituted. True, there was a small fringe of extremists in the streets and there was also evidence of a movement which seemed to have ties with the exiled Nazis and Nyilas of former days. But at no time was their strength such as to cause concern. No one in Hungary cares for those who fled to the West after their own corrupt terror régime was finished—and then got their financing from the West. Had there been an attempt to put them in power, all Hungary would have risen instantly."

I told Kovács that this analysis agreed with my own observation during the first phase of the revolution. For the first time during the night Kovács smiled. He told me:

"I wish you could convince the West and make them keep the reactionaries out of our hair. Many of the exiles the Americans are backing are men who are marked because of their war crimes. Some of the voices that come to us over Radio Free Europe in particular are not welcome here. I understand the Americans' eagerness to fight Communism, but this is not the way to do it. As long as the West continues to maintain ties with Hungarian feudalists and fascists, we are handicapped in our effort to seek ties with you. Tell your people to help us by selling democracy to the Hungarians, rather than White reaction."

"WHAT OF the future?" I asked. After some hesitation Kovács said: "All is not lost, for it is impossible for the Russians and their puppets to maintain themselves against the determined resistance of the Hungarians. The day will come when a fateful choice will have to be made: Exterminate the entire population by slow starvation and police terror or else accept the irreducible demand—the withdrawal of Soviet forces from our country."

We parted, and I did not see Kovács again. The last thing I heard about him was an A.P. report from Budapest that Kadar had called him in for a three-hour conference. Maybe he was able to find out whether Kadar was acting under compulsion or whether he agreed with all that his masters had dictated.

The Four Days That Shook Poland

S. L. SHNEIDERMAN

POLAND'S bloodless "October Revolution" against Moscow's domination was completed in the short space of four days, mostly behind closed doors. The results of that conflict are apparent to the whole world, but until recently we have had no more than educated guesses about what actually happened behind those closed doors. The whole story is now available, and I have just read the complete transcript of the dramatic sessions in which Wladyslaw Gomulka's faction faced down the Russians and their Polish followers, thus sparing Poland the agony and terror that still rack Hungary.

THE EIGHTH Plenary Meeting of the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers' (Communist) Party, which lasted with only brief interruptions from October 19 to until the dawn of the twenty-second, was opened at ten in the morning on the nineteenth, a Friday, by Edward Ochab, then the party's first secretary. Ochab abruptly declared that it was impossible to proceed with the agenda. A Soviet delegation headed by Khrushchev and including Kaganovich, Mikoyan, Molotov, and leading Soviet generals had just arrived in Warsaw, and it was imperative that a delegation be sent to meet them at once.

Before moving adjournment, Ochab asked that Gomulka, who was being proposed as first secretary of the party, be appointed to the Politburo delegation so that Gomulka could take part in the negotiations with the Russians. This daring move had been engineered by Prime Minister Józef Cyrankiewicz, a former Socialist who had resisted Soviet pressure even in the worst days of Stalinist terror. The minutes show that the proposal to appoint Gomulka to the Politburo was adopted at once and that the meeting was adjourned until 6 P.M.

Ochab scarcely needed to elaborate on his statement. The members of the Central Committee were well aware why the Russians had come to Warsaw. The Natolin Group, a die-hard pro-Soviet fac-

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tion within the Polish Communist Party, had got wind of the imminent rise of Gomulka just the night before and had immediately asked Moscow to intervene. On Friday morning, just before the Plenary Meeting was called to order, the colonel in charge of the Okecie Airport in Warsaw had telephoned Ochab to inform him that a Soviet bomber had landed with a load of Soviet leaders and an armed bodyguard. Since they had no visas, the colonel asked for instructions. He added that Marshal Konev, commander in chief of the Warsaw Pact forces, was at the airport to meet the Russians.

Khrushchev's Outburst

The encounter between the Russians and the Poles at the airport is not recorded in the minutes, but the events were so unexpected and dramatic that many of the details leaked out at once. Ochab, Gomulka, and several other members of the Polish Politburo were greeted by Khrushchev with the exclamation: "We have come to prevent you from handing Poland over to the Americans and the Zionists!" Then, catching sight of Gomulka, he shouted, "What is this *izmennik* [traitor] doing here?" When Ochab told him that Gomulka had just been designated first secretary of the party, Khrushchev was visibly shaken.

At the Belweder, a former royal palace situated near Lazienki Park, where the Russians were taken as honored guests of the government, Khrushchev continued to rant and threaten until at last Mikoyan succeeded in calming him down. Khrushchev then apologized to Gomulka, and the actual discussions began.

Ochab, who was the chief Polish spokesman during the early exchanges, surprised his colleagues by his firmness. At a certain point, after glancing at a report submitted to him by his military adviser, Ochab announced that he had just been informed that Soviet troops were converging on Warsaw, and that he would not negotiate with the Russians under a threat of brute force.

At 6 P.M. the Polish delegation left Belweder Palace to report back to the full Central Committee on their talks with the Russians. The minutes of the brief meeting contain only a few lines on this subject. Ochab reported that the Russians had been "very uneasy" about the developments in Poland, that "their trip to Poland had been unforeseen," and that "they wished to go back to Moscow as soon as possible." For this reason, it was necessary to continue conversations with them during the night, and so the meeting of the Central Committee was once again adjourned, until the following morning.

"THAT NIGHT no one slept in Warsaw." This is the opening line of "October Night," a poem by Julius Zulawski published in *Przeglad Kulturalny* ("Cultural Review") of November 14, which gives us a moving record of the Polish people's reaction to the events of that October weekend. A silent crowd waited outside the palace, watching the lighted windows, wondering whether the result of the meeting would be another sellout or a bloody, hopeless revolt.

It was later reported by some of the members of the Polish delegation that throughout the meeting Molotov, alone among the Russians, remained grimly silent. Kaganovich spoke only on one occasion when he seconded Khrushchev's threat to use force. Then, after a long and furious tirade delivered by Khrushchev, Mikoyan took over and remained the chief Russian spokesman until the end. He declared that the Russian troop movements had been halted, but demanded that the Natolin Group should retain its position of power and said that the Russians were determined to enforce the demand by military action if necessary. The Poles, refusing to back down, countered with the demand that Marshal Rokossovsky resign as Polish Minister of Defense.

While the Polish and Russian leaders were locked in discussion in the Belweder Friday night, meetings of workers in factories and students in universities were held all over Poland, adopting resolutions in support of Gomulka. The movement had been launched by the workers of the big Zeran automobile plant near Warsaw, where a workers' council was elected. This action was immediately repeated in other industrial centers, including Nowa Huta, Lodz, and Wroclaw, thus starting a general trend for direct control of the plants. As workers and students poured out into the streets, the Soviet Army was faced with masses of unarmed demonstrators. This form of passive resistance was surely more effective against the Russians than any military gestures would have been and no doubt played a major part in tempering the initial violence of Comrade Khrushchev and his colleagues. The fate of Hungary illustrates that the present Russian leaders will not tolerate any stain on their military prestige.

It is quite clear from the minutes of the Plenary Meeting that the civilian demonstrations were planned and directed by Gomulka and his associates on the Central Committee. At the closing session, on October 21, Roman Werfel, editor of *Trybuna Ludu*, took the floor to submit the following resolution:

"The Plenary Meeting of the Central Committee expresses its thanks to the workers of Warsaw, particularly the personnel of the great industrial plants, and to the youth of the capital, for their unanimous support of the party policy, and commends them for the political maturity, coolheadedness, and calm which they have displayed in recent days. The Plenary Meeting also commends the Warsaw section of the Polish United Workers' [Communist] Party for the correct guidance it has given the working people of Warsaw during these days, which made sure that no foreign, antisocialist, or anti-Soviet elements could frustrate the party's efforts to carry out reforms."

Ochab, more cautious, succeeded in avoiding a vote on Werfel's resolution.

After the Storm

At 11 A.M. on Saturday, October 20, when the Central Committee reconvened, Aleksander Zawadzki, president of the State Council, was able to report that the Polish delegation had successfully weathered the storm. The Russian leaders, he said, had complained of the extent of "anti-Soviet propaganda in Poland," but their main grievance had been that, in contrast to previous years, "they had not been informed about

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the contemplated changes in the Polish party and government." Although the discussion had been conducted with some show of "temper" on both sides, Zawadzki went on, it was obvious that an agreement would be reached. In conclusion he announced that a delegation of the new Polish leadership would go to Moscow to negotiate a treaty.

Zawadzki's report left many of the members dissatisfied. One of them, Starewicz, raised the question of the Russian troop movements, and was seconded by several others, among them Jerzy Putrament, a prominent writer who had once been Ambassador to France. Marshal Rokossovsky himself felt impelled to take the floor. The troop movements, he explained, were nothing but "normal autumn maneuvers," but then, somewhat uneasily, he added that they were linked with the "recent disorders in Poznan." He also admitted that Marshal Konev had ordered a number of Soviet regiments to advance in the direction of Bydgoszcz and Lodz, but said that these orders had been countermanded. He concluded by assuring the Committee that Poland was "independent" and that nothing would be done "without the knowledge of the government and party."

AFTER THIS interlude Gomulka himself took the floor and delivered his now-famous four-hour speech in which he analyzed the events of the Stalin era and outlined a program of reform. Gomulka carefully refrained from any personal vindictiveness against the leading figures of a "sad chapter of the past" in which "innocent people, among them Communists, were imprisoned for years." Unlike a number of other speakers, Gomulka attacked no one by name—not even former Vice-Premier Jakub Berman, whom almost everyone expected to be his chief target.

By this point nobody was particularly surprised to see that the pro-Moscow faction, now obviously defeated, was coming out in support of Gomulka; their instructions had apparently arrived from Panteleimon Ponomarenko, the Soviet Ambassador in Warsaw.

What did surprise the Central Committee was the improbable claim made by the leading members of the Natolin Group that they had all along been planning to bring Gomulka back to power, but that they had been thwarted by the Cyrankiewicz-Ochab faction. The Natolin Group proceeded to attack the same man they had expected Gomulka to

Gomulka

attack, Jakub Berman. They blamed Berman for both the police terror and the cultural degradation of their country.

Berman's Apologia

Berman's reply, at a later session, was in many ways the high point of the meeting. There can be no doubt that he was the real ruler of Poland from 1944 to 1955. Soft-spoken, well-mannered, and highly cultured, the enigmatic Berman had been Moscow's chief agent in the prewar underground Polish Communist Party. In 1944 he organized the Lublin government and eventually became the ruler of all Polish culture and supreme ruler of the security police, whose chieftains, he admitted, were "the closest friends of my youth."

Berman began his speech by declaring that the "errors" of the Stalin era cannot be explained away by the evil genius of one man or even a clique. A deeper analysis is necessary, he said, and he put himself wholeheartedly on the side of those who were demanding that such an analysis be made.

As for his own part in the crimes of Stalin, Berman contended that many of them were committed without his knowledge. (A former Socialist leader, Leon Wudzki, later remarked bitterly, "The whole city knew that people were being murdered . . . but Comrade Berman was ignorant of the fact.")

Not only were many crimes committed without his knowledge, Berman went on; he had actually prevented a number of atrocities. Thus, he had opposed the arrest of General Marjan Spychalski, who is the new Polish Minister of Defense replacing Rokossovsky. Braving all threats, he had refused the requests of the Soviet agents, Voznosensky and Skulboshevsky, that Spychalski be handed over to military intelligence and certain death. This, incidentally, is the first public admission in an official publication of a Communist country that Soviet agents held the fate of satellite leaders in their hands.

BERMAN said that he had even opposed the arrest of Gomulka seven years before. But at that time he had been in a hospital recovering from a serious operation, and so he had had a hard time fighting off Beria, who insisted on liquidating Gomulka.

Berman then said that he himself had been accused of espionage because of his contacts with the American Noel Field. Turning to his critics, Berman declared: "We know what fate befell all those who in 1949 and later were charged with contacts with Field. There is no doubt that if Bierut had not so stubbornly defended me, I could at best be only exhumed today."

He admitted that he had partly succumbed to "the psychosis of suspicion and other complexes in connection with all those things." But he repeated that he had saved Spychalski and Gomulka by doing everything he could to prevent a public trial. "It will be said that my behavior in this connection was ambiguous," he went on. "But was there any other way of saving human lives in the period of raging Beriaism and the cult of Stalin?"

The rest of Berman's speech was devoted to analysis of Poland's achievements internally and externally, which, he said, were considerable despite the errors and crimes of the Stalin era. It remains to be seen whether the new leaders of

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Poland will accept Berman's *apologia pro vita sua*—whether he himself will be spared a public trial, or expulsion from the Central Committee of the party at the very least.

AT FIRST GLANCE Berman's speech might seem to be a mere satellite echo of Khrushchev's famous speech at the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. But closer analysis reveals some important differences. While Khrushchev placed all the blame on the dead dictator, making the crimes a purely personal matter, Berman stated explicitly that what was in question was not an individual but a whole system of government. The others joined in with disagreement and suggestions of their own. I have read the cut-and-dried minutes of many meetings of the Polish Central Committee; this was the first in years that sounded like a genuine debate.

The determination of the Poles, apparent all through the Plenary Meeting, is to change the system instead of merely changing the personnel. And here is a profound difference between the Polish and the Russian concepts of de-Stalinization. For the Soviet leaders, the decanonization of Stalin seems to be largely a tactical move intended only to lull the non-Communist nations into dropping their guard, to soothe the bitterness of the Russian people, and to whitewash the heirs of Stalin, who still keep his embalmed body in the Kremlin beside that of Lenin. The Poles, on the contrary, are in dead earnest. For them the eradication of Stalinism is not merely the wiping out of the cult built up around a particular personality; it is a matter of life and death, of their existence as a nation.

Slow and Steady

At the same time the Polish leaders are not so foolish as to think that they can cope with Soviet armed might. There are words of caution and restraint throughout the minutes of the Plenary Meeting, and the recent history of Hungary has surely convinced them that they must go on being prudent. But it does not appear to have changed their basic determination to work out their destiny in their own way.

Family Album: The General Assembly

MARYA MANNES

THE United Nations is turning brown. This is the most arresting visual impression about the Eleventh Session of the General Assembly, and it is given dramatic form in the figure of Prince Wan Waithayakon of Thailand on the President's seat.

On his green malachite throne, beneath the great round symbol gold mosaic rays fanning upward behind his head, sits Asia. Wan is the perfect Buddha: the golden planes of his face in flat and subtle repose, the body upright and immobile, almost a smile on the Khmerian lips. It is not hard to imagine the legs crossed on his lap, the palms upward and crossed. But his hand is used to make notes and to tap an Oriental gavel that looks like a strange bird's head.

BEFORE each session. Wan's daughter and secretary, silent and full of grace, arranges his papers on the desk, then slips away, almost with a bow.

The delegates who come to speak *do* bow to Wan, who inclines his head in acknowledgment like a boon granted.

From a radio booth obliquely above the rostrum, you can see what the public and the press do not—both his face and the circle of faces of all the seventy-nine nations. And you see two things: One is the dwindling presence of the white—the particular western white where the pink shows through; and one is that the big boys are not in the front of the classroom. The alphabet has seen to that, but it still comes as a shock to see the United States and the United Kingdom in a far back row, and the U.K. sharing the same one with the U.S.S.R. It is as if they had all been downgraded, like school bullies.

And if you are in that half trance induced by long speeches and the blanched light beating on this great hall, another impression comes to you. As the handsome whites, the big western men—Lodge, Hoover, Wadsworth, Hoffman—walk about or down the aisle to speak, their shoulders wide, their legs long and loose, they sometimes evoke the image of a race too clumsy and exposed to survive for long. It is the little men who seem to be taking over: agile, lithe, compact, flexible, and of darker skin. It is not only that there are many more of them in the General Assembly. They speak now with assurance. It is their turn.

The face may turn east, but the body takes on the western mode: We have stamped our drabness on the whole world. In the Jordanian delegation sits a dark, handsome, and somber youth with the face of a silent-movie sheik, but he wears Oxford-gray slacks, a tan corduroy jacket, and a red tie—a strange outfit, one cannot help thinking, for crossing deserts.

For stamping out fascist reactionaries, Soviet Foreign Minister Shepilov wears ochre-yellow braided-leather sports shoes. He has been

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described by one foreign journalist (western) as "a sort of beat-up Liberace."

SENATOR KNOWLAND and Senator Humphrey look very uncomfortable seated together, like two boys forced by their mothers to be friends. Senator Knowland's unhappiness has far deeper causes. It is plain from his broad, thick, bulfdog face that he is outraged by all these people saying awful things, and that somebody should put a stop to it. A statement he circulated against an Indian resolution was his private and peevish attempt to do just that, and all it got him was a public slap from the Assembly's least loved nuisance, Krishna Menon--the clever feline swiping the silly dog on the nose.

In Knowland's case particularly, the impression of schoolroom is inescapable. He is the stubborn slow learner given a scholarship to a progressive institution in which he has little faith. Now that he finds the best people go to it (as well as the worst), the first lesson sinks unwillingly in: There's no place else to go. He is not attending the General Assembly; he is enduring it.

Yet a fellow delegate says, "He works harder at his homework than any of us."

One by-product of the United States' reliance on the United Nations instead of its own State Department has been the first kindling of warmth toward the U.S. delegation in a long time. "It isn't so much that they're admired," said a Secretariat member, "as liked. We feel sort of cozy about them." He hastened to exempt the Senate Minority Leader.

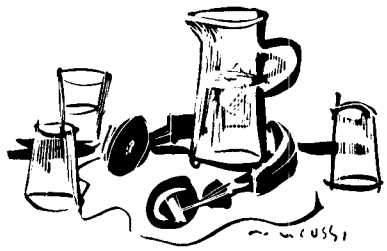
Also exempted from coziness is the British delegation, some of whom feel the chill breath of pique from the American side of the aisle. They would prefer, one of them indicated, open abuse to the pursed mouth of disapproval.

Each delegation has two rows of seats, one tan, one blue. The blue are occupied by advisers. Several Latin-American countries have at times been advised by extremely pretty ladies in extremely chic hats.

Each delegation also has what some call its "pollinator," who goes around planting seeds in other delegates' ears and giving slight twists to their arms. "You go along with us on C/308 A/176," they hiss, "and maybe we'll see about Iraq."

On the floor of the Assembly it just looks like another form of the amiable custom of table hopping, but that is because you can't see the bruises on the arms.

AMONG the grislier moments of this Eleventh Session was the speech given by Mr. Imre Horvath, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Hungary. You could almost see



the strings jerking his hands and opening his mouth, although this small, dim, spectacled man was more zombie than puppet. Reading slowly in English, with no inflection at all and the flat, hesitant spacing of a student reciting in a recently acquired language, Horvath measured the atrocities inflicted on loyal Hungarian patriots by counter-revolutionaries. "His-heart-was-cut-out," read Mr. Horvath, as you might say "*Donnez-moi la plume.*"

In the Hungarian delegation sat a white-haired man with a tragic, hopeless face, Dr. Endre Sik. He might have been listening not to the speech but to the clamor of betrayal in his own heart.

There are two things in the United Nations that dull and exhaust, one physical and one abstract; and although they are quite different they are perhaps not very far apart.

One is the fact that in the whole of this magnificent slab of glass there is not one window open. There is air conditioning, of course, and it works well. But there is still no actual contact with the outside atmosphere. Spacious as the interior is, one is sealed in. And after a day at the United Nations the lungs are atrophied, the head stuffy with words, and the eyes clouded by the ceaseless movements of fish in the sterilized tank.

The terrible burdens of the world may not alone cause the near collapse of so many overworked and overwrought delegates—a number of whom repair to the fourth-floor Health Center during the lunch hour for the simple bliss of lying down on its beds. It may be also the frustration of not breaking through to the outer world, of being caught, powerless, in this amber.

This same frustration is in the atmosphere of debate, endless hours of talk which is rarely *real* talk and often merely a ritual of position, the birds on the branch trilling their claims of space.

What you hear in debate is an echo of an echo of an echo: The words are at sixth remove from the ear.

WRAPPING the substance of a speech are these layers:

First, the delegate is not speaking for himself but for his absent government. In the Soviet bioc this already means two removes, as the government is not even his own.

The second layer is pride of nation. ("I will show the others that we count.")

The third layer is pride of person. ("I will show the others that *I* count.")

The fourth layer is translation.

The fifth layer is amplification.

And the sixth layer is the kind of diplomatic protocol which demands that certain thoughts be expressed in certain phrases: "It has come to our attention," "My delegation, therefore, feels compelled," and of course

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all that family of noble terms—"peace with justice," "rally world sentiment," and "with due respect for the sovereignty"—which slip through the holes of one's attention like rubbed-out coins.

The clichés of the West may be dulling enough, but the clichés of the Soviet bloc are positively numbing in their relentless perversion. It is hard to imagine how even they can endure the ceaseless iterations of "fascist cliques," "imperialist aims," and "counter-revolutionary bandits."

The moments when the window opens and the man comes through are so rare that they bring inordinate relief: the Greek delegate, speaking of Hungary, "For once I agree with the United Kingdom!"; the Australian delegate, booming out in his hearty voice the name of the distinguished Ambassador from Peru, Dr. Belaunde, as "Dr. Belly-Undie"; and the times when delegates speak simply and truly in plain English, as Mr. Schurmann of the Netherlands did in a short speech—"It smacks of rhetoric to say that the United Nations is a forum for the conscience of the world. Let us state more modestly that we are a sounding board for the opinion of a great many nations in the world. And if that opinion is strong enough and united enough, it cannot fail to have its influence on those who commit these evil deeds. At this moment it is *their* consciences—if they still have them—we should seek to reach."

"THAT'S WHERE the working people live," said the bellicose taxi driver, pointing at the Secretariat Building, "and that's where the crap-shooters are," he said, pointing at the Assembly. "They ought to have more dignity in there than to suck up to a guy like Nasser." His voice rose: "Know what he is? He's a stinking little dictator. But what do they do in there? Shoot crap!"

And the washroom attendant in the press section groaned as she wiped the basins and pushed back her straggling hair. "Night after night after night they go on," she said. "It's been two weeks now. Talk, talk, talk—and they haven't brought this week's soap."

AT HOME & ABROAD

The U.S. Communists —Rebellion in a Microcosm

ROBERT BENDINER

TWO COURSES are open to American Communists at their coming convention in February, and neither, happily enough, promises much for the future of their party. Either they will split into harmlessly warring sects or else the domestic Titos, Gomulkas, and Nagys who sprang up with the first breath of independence to stir the party in a quarter of a century will sullenly creep back to the slavish orthodoxy that had already brought the organization close to rigor mortis.

Word for the Communists' "critical situation" need not be taken from an outsider, since it is vouched for by official spokesmen. According to Eugene Dennis, the party's general secretary, a membership that stood at 80,000 as late as 1945 has slumped to something between 20,000 and 25,000. *Party Voice,* a publi-

cation of the New York State organization, admits to a loss of more than two-thirds of the New York members in the past ten years. What is more, only a third of the survivors are industrial workers, and two-thirds of the present rank and file are more than forty years old, "with no recruiting taking place." The party that a decade or so ago controlled trade unions with a fifth of the CIO's membership concedes that it is now "dangerously isolated" from the labor movement, a notable understatement, and it no longer boasts a single front organization capable of fooling the most determined innocent.

For reasons that cannot be examined here—chief among them the cold war, Federal prosecutions, expulsion from the CIO, and its own inimitable follies—this was the state of the Communist Party of the United States *before* this year's startling developments. It was already far gone when events in Moscow, Poznan, and Budapest came to shake the whole Communist world and move hard-bitten European comrades of thirty years' standing to depart in bitter haste.

In view of its prolonged decay, the possible breakup of the American party would seem to be of small importance, except perhaps to politicians whose personal ambitions require a Communist menace. But in fact the plight of the domestic comrades is worth attention on two counts. Historically it marks the end of an era in which the whole American Left—liberal, labor, socialist, and miscellaneous radical—was in some degree, either positively or negatively, charged with an alien current. Of those who were not bemused by the Communists, most were absorbed in a running war of words with them, often at the expense of worthier activity, and eventually worn down by sheer attrition. That the current *was*

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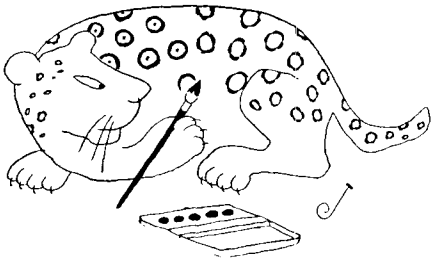
alien is rather blandly conceded by William Z. Foster, the party's leader, who at this late date writes that "The question of Americanizing our Party is fundamental." The editor of the *Daily Worker* muses that "for us now, after 38 years of existence as an American party . . . to have to admit that we must still Americanize ourselves, reveals our situation better than anything I could possibly say."

More immediately important, the crisis in the insignificant American party reflects the turbulence in international Communism, which, from Paris to Peking, is all too significant. To catch the drift of those who, like Walter Ulbricht in East Germany and Maurice Thorez in France, took the downgrading of Stalin hard, you have only to follow the theorizing of Comrade Foster in New York. To sense the opportunistic wavering of a Togliatti in Italy, watch the maneuvering of Comrade Dennis, waiting to see which way the cat jumps. And to grasp the position of a Gomulka, read the articles of John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker* and leader of what might be called the "nationalist" or Titoist faction here at home.

Stirrings and Second Thoughts

Even before Khrushchev's famous speech to the Soviet Party's Twentieth Congress, in which Russians were let in on the otherwise open secret that Stalin was a homicidal egomaniac, there were restless subsurface stirrings in New York, just as it is now evident there were in Warsaw, Budapest, and Moscow itself. The American party's preposterous misreading of the times, especially its persistent fantasy that the United States was itching to launch a nuclear war and install a fascist régime, had prompted discreet calls for a "re-examination" of policy.

Among the most insistent of the callers were Joseph Starobin and Joseph Clark, both of whom had served as foreign editor of the *Daily Worker* and both of whom had traveled enough to sense that the party line corresponded very little with the world of reality. From this heresy it was but a short step, at least on Starobin's part, to the development of "second thoughts" about the party as a whole and especially the conviction that since the United States was radically different from Russia, it ought to follow a line of development originating here rather



than in the Kremlin. Starobin was threatened with expulsion in 1953, when party leaders who inclined in his direction, including Gates, were in jail and unable to come to his defense. Without waiting to be expelled, he quietly withdrew but apparently left behind others of similar mind.

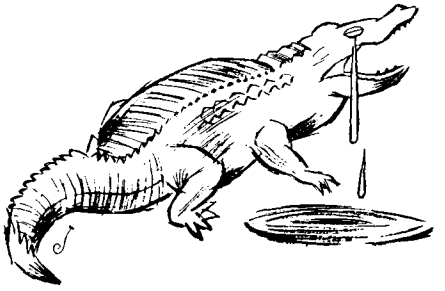
KHRUSHCHEV'S SPEECH released in a flood all the pent-up dissatisfactions of the Communist world. At first the reactions, especially in the American microcosm, were purely verbal and theoretical; by June they were militant in Poznan; and by October they were violent and bloody in Budapest. The initial verdict of many observers was that the "self-criticism" induced from Moscow was automatic and as meaningless as the blind acceptance of a new line had been on scores of earlier occasions. Their view was that the Kremlin had endorsed Tito, so the Fosters, Togliattis, and Rákosis became Titos overnight, dutifully excoriating Stalin and echoing Moscow's new Titoist doctrine that the "forms of transition to socialism" could and should be "more variegated."

What this analysis overlooked was that in every Communist state and every Communist Party there were individuals and groups to whom the new "liberty" was an unexpected weapon with which to lash out at party enemies—tyrants in the satellites and bureaucrats elsewhere—and to press for real changes. But changes invite differences of opinion and struggles for power. Overnight, cracks appeared in hitherto solid party walls, and as the year went on, the cracks grew into major fissures. In the past, comrades who could not adjust to sudden switches in the line got out or were thrown out. This time, the line itself seemed to prescribe insurgency.

Revolt of the *Worker*

In the American party the troubles that were to emerge on a world scale were quick to appear. The Russians wanted to limit "re-examination" to the question of Stalin and the "cult of personality." Foster, ever responsive to Moscow, went along, but as uncomfortably as an English butler who has been invited to get familiar with his master. Stalin, he said with a mildness bordering on inanity, was guilty of "incorrect methods of work."

On the other hand, Gates, who had evidently whiled away his prison days by "re-examining" on his own, saw his chance and took it. As editor of the *Daily Worker,* surrounded by "Young Turks" like Clark and Alan Max, his managing editor, he quickly broadened the attack. Even before the Khrushchev speech was officially spread on the record—the State Department released it here in June—the *Worker* had indulged in some unprecedented language for Communists of one country, excepting the case of Yugoslavia, to use about those of another. It was not content to express its "most profound indignation and protest against the frame-up and murder" of László Rajk and his companions in premature Titoism, whose hanging the Hungarian régime had just conceded to have been a mistake. It demanded to know, for all the world like the New York *Times* or even a Hearst paper, just how the confessions had been "rigged" and called for all those responsible to be "brought before the bar of justice." Pressing still further, the paper boldly described the crime as "a result of



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the false charges brought against Tito in 1948 by Soviet leaders."

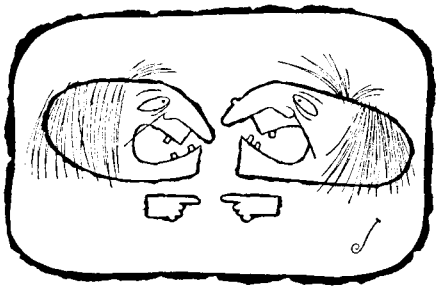
With the release of the Khrushchev speech, the novelty of treating the Soviet régime as though it were an ordinary government instead of the fountainhead of all wisdom became a fixed policy. In the first place, the *Worker* scolded, the Soviet leaders "made a mistake" in not at once publishing "the shattering revelations made by Khrushchev." Furthermore, the Russian party chief had neglected to mention Stalin's crimes against Jews. In a signed column Alan Max questioned the fairness of certain trials held by the present Kremlin leaders and suggested they had some way to go before they could be credited with undoing the "monstrous perversion of Socialist principles under Stalin's brutal rule." And for good measure, the paper berated itself for "the blind and uncritical attitude" it had formerly taken toward repressions in the people's Paradise.

WHAT was still more revolutionary, Gates threw open the letter columns of the paper to the first breezes of controversy they had known since the early days of Stalin's Byzantine rule. Long starved, the readers leaped at the invitation. Howard Fast, who apparently had never before been struck by the savagery of Soviet politics, "looked hopefully but vainly" in the Khrushchev speech "for a pledge that the last execution has taken place . . . for a pledge of civil rights," but his "stomach turned over" to learn instead of three new executions. Millions of people, he thought, must share his "disgust at this idiotic behavior—wicked, uncivilized, but above all idiotic."

Ring Lardner, Jr., had harsh words for party leaders who professed to be unembarrassed by the revelations concerning Stalin. Typical comment from lesser lights was that of "Gene" of the Bronx, who chipped in with the admission that "On lots of things we are a spit in the wind," and blamed the leadership for a good deal, including "the manner in which we banished Browder." More in sorrow than in anger Comrade "Philadelphian" wrote in that politically he had "completely wasted the last ten years" of his life and held Foster largely responsible for the poor investment.

Heady Stuff

High party officials joined in the sport. One attacked the National Committee for its "inadequacy." Another suggested that the party's mistakes "would have been uncovered and corrected sooner if we had genuine party democracy." Steve Nelson, leader for western Pennsylvania and



something of a party hero, went a step further and attributed the atrocities of Stalin's rule not to the "cult of the individual" at all, but to "the theory that the class struggle sharpens under Socialism." It is this belief, he wrote, "that calls for extermination of the enemy" and hence for all the trappings and practices of the police state.

All this was heady stuff for the comrades, and the National Committee itself took some deep draughts. Under attack, it passed the brickbats on to higher echelons. The Committee refused, it said, to accept any explanation that attributed the twenty-year nightmare "solely to the capricious aberrations of a single individual," and with a painful show of innocence it asked the Soviet party to come up with "a basic analysis of how such perversions of Socialist democracy . . . were permitted to develop and continue unchecked."

DURING ALL THIS tumult the ill and aged Foster played it mild, only occasionally taking part in the polemic skirmishes. Replying to repeated questions as to where he was when Stalin, in the names of Marx and Lenin, was committing practically every crime known to man, he limply explained that Stalin "was very powerful" and "a resolute fighter." To have opposed him would split the party, and there was never a time when such a split would not have been fatal to the Soviet Union. Besides, he said, only the Russians knew the facts, and they would tell all in good time. Later he warned against those who would tear Stalin "to political shreds as some in our ranks seem inclined to do." It was the old appeal to faith, but faith was burning low.

Dennis, apparently allied at first with the "Titoists" but unwilling to make too sharp a break with Foster or, more important, with Moscow, played the cagey middle-of-the-roader. His grand opus, "The U.S.A. and Khrushchev's Special Report," echoed the prevailing "grief and shock" of the American comrades over Stalin's dirty deeds. It condemned "the use of tortures and rigged trials; large-scale deportations; provocative and chauvinistic actions as in the case of Yugoslavia"; and, not least, the persecution of Jewish doctors and cultural figures. But it also inferentially rebuked the *Daily Worker* for printing letters, perhaps even editorials, "that fail to take historical fact and perspective into account" or that reflect a viewpoint that "undermines pride and confidence in the Socialist countries."

WHEN *Pravda* printed the letter first among those of its foreign critics, its accolade was such as would formerly have assured Dennis of absolute control of his party and brought the *Worker* crowd to heel in a hurry. But what makes the present crisis unique in the party's annals is that the rebellion simmered merrily on. Clark noted immediately, and critically, that while *Pravda* had printed Dennis's article, it took care to omit his comments about the Jewish persecutions. "If the charge was untrue," he said, "all *Pravda* had to do was to deny it."

Editorially, the paper found that while "many Marxists" might be satisfied with Moscow's answers to the questions raised abroad, "many will feel that the discussion must continue." And continue it did, all through the summer and fall, growing sharper as Polish and Hungarian unrest flared into open revolt.

Russkies, Go Home!

There are passages in the party press these days that are not easily

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recognized. The *Worker* chides *Pravda* for suggesting that much of the Polish press is bent on restoring capitalism, which sounds to the *Worker* "too much like some of the unjustified criticism made of Yugoslavia in 1948." And columnist Max adds: "Suppose the press did carry some articles that were actually wrong, what of it? There is no guarantee that a socialist press will be right most of the time . . . It is in the free clash of views that the truth triumphs." A novel view in the circumstances, since, as Max sheepishly admits, his own paper "virtually refused to print—until a few months ago—any letter in which a reader disagreed with us on a major question."

Just as the revolt in the Soviet empire reached its climax, early in November, with Russian tanks and heavy artillery brought in to smash Budapest, turbulence in the American microcosm was likewise reaching a peak—fatuous by comparison, no doubt, but nevertheless comparable. The *Worker* was regularly lambasting the left-over Stalinist régimes of Rákosi and Gerö for having made the revolt inevitable by their acts of repression. "The fact that counter-revolutionaries are trying to utilize the situation cannot obscure that this is, primarily, a people's upheaval arising from the failure of Hungarian socialism to base itself on the people." Correspondents went so far as to ask whether the Hungarians were not entitled to a bourgeois democratic régime if they wanted one. After all, one wrote, they had seen "a lot of bad with the good" under socialism—"undemocratic procedures, arrests, murder, stifling of opposition, bureaucracy, inefficiency, etc."

The Russians were being chided daily for their slowness in getting their troops out of Budapest, and when they double-crossed Nagy by pouring in reinforcements after agreeing to withdraw, both the *Worker* and the National Committee lashed out. The move "does not advance but retards the development of socialism," the paper proclaimed, "because socialism cannot be imposed on a country by force." The editors would continue to "support the Hungarian masses who sought to solve their own problems as they were settled in Poland . . ." The Committee flatly rejected the Russian version of the uprising as "the result of reactionary pro-fascist plots," charged the régime with indefensible behavior, termed puppet Premier Janos Kadar's call for Russian troops a "tragic error," and the Soviet response a violation of "the Leninist concept of national self-determination," no matter what legal case was afforded by the Warsaw Pact. Significantly, however, Foster was absent when the statement was drawn up and Dennis abstained from voting on it.

The Hot Gates

At the height of the Hungarian crisis *Political Affairs*, the party's theoretical organ, ran an article by Gates that for all practical purposes was a manifesto of rebellion. In the U.S.S.R. or any of its outposts the piece would have been an open bid for execution, with or without confession. Reciting at length the party's numerous sins and errors, Gates asked for an "atmosphere which welcomes all new ideas no matter how unorthodox," "a fully democratic party," and deletion of the phrase "Marxism-Leninism" from the preamble to its constitution. He wanted to choose, he said, some of those principles and reject others,

especially "the law of inevitable violent proletarian revolution" and "the inevitability of war."

Dismissing the idea that Khrushchev's revelations can be explained "by the deficiencies of Stalin alone," he was for ending the "unequal and one-sided relationships between the CPSU and other Communist Parties." The party's much-vaunted "democratic centralism" was also ripe for revision, he thought, since it tended to become "maximum centralization and minimum democracy." Serious thought was given to turning the party into a political action association because "We are not a political party as the American people understand it." At the very least "the name of the Party ought to be changed," just to dramatize the "profound and genuine changes" that he proposed.

Gates stopped short of suggesting dissolution, but there has evidently been enough such talk for the New York State Board of the party to feel called upon to squelch it. The Board "considers it necessary," it said on October 24, "to take sharp issue with views circulating in the Party that the leadership in New York stands for and recommends dissolution and liquidating of the Party."

Back to the Old Line

With the lines thus drawn for ultimate battle, the big guns of the bureaucracy are already being trained on the insurgents. Dropping the soft approach, Dennis on November 12 waded into the *Worker* for its "crude inference" that "the action of the Soviet troops in Hungary is somehow to be equated with the imperialist aggression against Egypt." Clark was charged with hitting "a new low," and concerning the whole performance Dennis wrote ominously that "comment is really superfluous for those who have a Marxist, scientific working-class outlook."

A week later the National Committee modified its stand on Hungary in an open letter to party members. Criticizing both the *Worker* and its own previous statement, the Committee decided that while the Hungarian uprising began as "popular upsurges for democratization," it had been infiltrated by the usual fascists, interventionists, and American agents, and the Russians had used force to head off "the White Terror." The committee did not "seek to justify the use of Soviet troops," it said, but neither would it "join in the condemnation." Foster complet-

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ed the job the following day with an article explaining that "However deplorable and tragic the fact of the military action in Hungary, it cannot be denied that the Red Army's intervention prevented the development of a malignant danger of fascism in Eastern Europe and also the growth of a serious war menace."

It is true that Dennis and Foster have no tanks with which to choke off discussion, but theirs is still the position of power, or what passes for power in American Communist circles. *Kommunist,* the theoretical organ of the Soviet party, has already taken the *Worker* to task, and Foster has been winning fresh laurels in Moscow as a "noted theoretician and Marxist historian." To a group without "the feeblest national resources of its own," the backing of the "Fatherland of Socialism" is probably still accounted a weighty asset. But perhaps the greatest strength of the party chiefs lies in the rebels' unattractive alternatives to surrender. Let them leave and take half the membership with them, and they will still have a penniless splinter group with all the national significance of the Vegetarian Party. Let them try to spearhead a new and broader party of the Left, as some seem to have in mind, and they will find that a lifetime of Communist scheming is the wrong preparation for winning political friends and influencing people. Let them walk out as individuals, and they confront the socially bleak and possibly jobless world of the ex-Communist official.

'He Shall Not Be Moved'

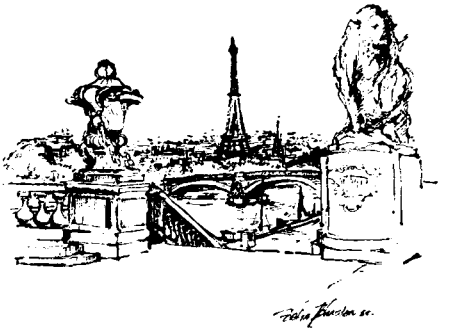
On the other hand, should they make their peace and abjure their heresies, the party can nevertheless only deteriorate still further. Having at least sipped at the springs of free discussion, the remnant of the rank and file would be depressed at the spectacle and find the stale pool of conformity less exhilarating than ever. Expelled a decade ago for sounding a little like the Gates of today, Earl Browder recently remarked, "I have practically no interest in what goes on among the Communists, not being a student of microbiology." But he would not deny that microbiology is an instructive science.

Thorez Clings To Stalinism

ANDRE FONTAINE

PARIS

FRANCE, where one voter out of four continues to vote Communist, may very well have more Stalinists today than any other country in the world. The party leadership, still held firmly by a small group, has been fighting every sign of Titoism or Gomulkism that shows up in the ranks. What's more, the French Communist Party is still using all its influence in Moscow to



support the "hard" line together with all those policies which are most hostile to any kind of liberalization.

The French Communist Party is one of the few that have not established normal relations with the Yugoslav Communists. The explosive theme of "de-Stalinization" was taken up in its press and in its internal debates only after long delay and with great timidity. Following the publication of the famous Khrushchev speech, Maurice Thorez and his friends made no secret of their view that the Russian leader's analysis of the crimes of Stalin was not good Marxism and certainly not very prudent. They deplored the publicity that was given to the document, and muttered repeatedly that sooner or later Khrushchev would be obliged to revise his position.

SEVERAL French Communist leaders went to Moscow early last summer in order to re-establish some degree of harmony that would take their own views into account. As a matter of fact the moment was well chosen for the expression of those views. The Poznan riots had just taken place, and the opponents of de-Stalinization were speaking up in the Kremlin, pointing to Poznan as proof of what liberalization could lead to.

The support of the French Communists was very useful to the Russian opponents of de-Stalinization, for the French party has always had considerable influence in certain circles of the Kremlin. This is the result of a number of factors, but particularly of the unconditional fidelity the French Communists have always shown to the Soviet Union. Didn't Thorez desert in 1939 rather than bear arms against Nazi Germany, then allied with the Soviet Union? Because of his long experience at the head of the party in France, he is almost in a position to look down on such relative newcomers as Khrushchev, Bulganin, and Malenkov. Finally, the Soviets have always paid a considerable amount of respect to the revolutionary prestige of France, which has so often in the past shown the way to Russian revolutionaries. The Commune of 1871 particularly is considered in the Soviet Union as the first positive attempt at Communism, and all Marxist theoreticians, including Marx himself, have written studies of it.

Thorez has therefore played a definite role in the "hardening" of Russian policy. Unlike many other Communist leaders, he approved the Soviet intervention in Hungary without the slightest hesitation and with no restriction whatever.

Thorez Holds the Line

Contrary to all the rules and traditions of Communism, the recent polemic between Stalinists and "liberals" unfolded in France almost in broad daylight. In this country, at any rate, it is possible to describe the

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crisis of international Communism not on the basis of unverifiable hypotheses, as so often in the past, but on the basis of clear facts.

Thus, at the moment when many "experts" were confidently announcing the imminent return of Tito to the Moscow fold, it was characteristic to see *L'Humanité*, the official organ of the French Communist Party, taking pot shots at the Yugoslav dictator and drawing plenty of return fire from Belgrade. Similarly, during the Polish crisis the sympathies of the papers of the extreme Left in Paris were entirely with the Soviet *Gauleiter*, Konstantin Rokossovsky, and his Warsaw supporters. A few days after Gomulka's rise to power, Etienne Fajon, a member of the French Politburo, denounced his deviationist tendencies before the party faithful in Paris, and it was not *L'Humanité* but the Mendésiste weekly *L'Express* that published the protest addressed by the Polish Central Committee to the French Communist Party. Since Gomulka has made his peace with Moscow, the tone of the articles on him in the French Communist press has changed. But hostility has not ceased altogether. Thorez and his friends don't frequent the Polish Embassy any more than they do the Yugoslav.

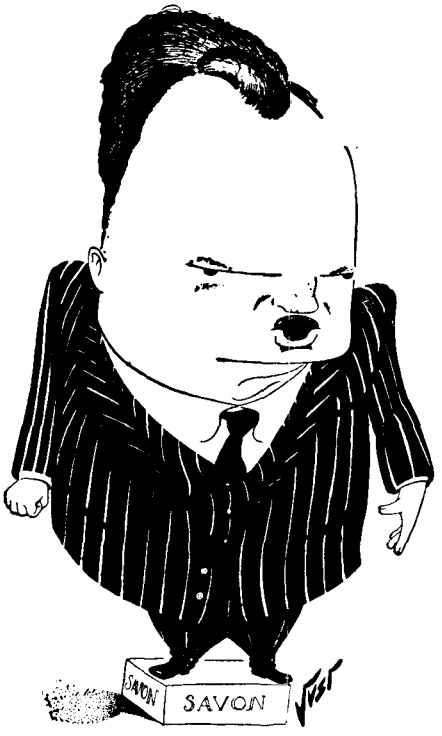
BUT IT WAS Hungary that provided the real measure of the masters of French Communism. Imre Nagy, whose liberal tendencies had been denounced in the French press long before the revolutionary explosion, was presented as a traitor, a fascist, and a counter-revolutionary during the massacres. *L'Humanité* carried articles describing the fight of the "Hungarian people," "helped," said a tiny subtitle, by the Soviet Union in their struggle against a handful of "Horthyites." There were occasional allusions here and there to the errors of Rákosi and Gerö, but no indication at all of the extent of the revolution or of the general hostility of the population toward the Soviet Union. Kadar himself, though he called for the intervention of the Red Army, was suspect in the eyes of the French party because of the support he got from Tito—until the abduction of Nagy—because of the concessions he made to the insurgents, and because of the way his newspapers reproduced the criticisms of the Russians made by Belgrade and called for the departure of Soviet troops.

As at the time of Poznan, the French Communist press claimed that any unrest was the result of the provocations of foreign agents receiving their orders from the American radio.

Since the Poznan riots had no immediate consequences, the Communist militants had no great difficulty accepting this explanation. But it was a great deal harder to accept it as an explanation for events in Hungary. Everything that appeared in Communist papers was a flat contradiction of all the news and photographs appearing in the other papers, including some that usually follow the party line pretty closely. All this began to produce some doubts in the minds of those French Communists who still take the trouble to think for themselves.

Picasso Speaks Up

Very quickly the crisis gained momentum. A number of well-known



Maurice Thorez

intellectuals protested publicly. Picasso, who had never permitted himself the slightest criticism against the party, signed a manifesto condemning "the blows against revolutionary honesty." The Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT), though generally considered by the Right to be under the total control of the Communists, was profoundly split and could not agree on the text of a motion approving the Russian intervention in Hungary. An attempt was made to organize a general strike in protest against anti-Communist incidents in Paris during which the headquarters of the party was set on fire, but it was a complete failure. Several unions quit the CGT and joined its rival, Force Ouvrière, even though the majority of workers still object to that group's American support. More recently the CGT sustained a heavy loss in an election of delegates in one of the largest factories of Lyon. From fifty-six per cent of the votes last year, it fell to forty-seven.

The developing crisis led a certain number of followers to demand the calling of a special Party Congress.

MEANWHILE the Communist rout in intellectual circles continued. There has been a sharp increase in the circulation of the neutralist weekly *France-Observateur*, which regularly publishes numerous reports on the internal crises in the party, and the issue of *L'Express* that carried Jean-Paul Sartre's announcement of his opposition to the party was snapped up from the newsstands everywhere. There have been hundreds of resignations among students, and many of those who remain in the party do so only in the hope of participating in its reorganization.

The question of leadership has become the foremost topic of discussion among party members. Since his serious illness in 1950, Maurice Thorez's leadership is more that of his wife, Jeannette Vermeersch, who willingly plays the role of a French Pasionaria. The aggressive, authoritarian character of Madame Thorez has not helped to smooth over any of the controversial issues.

It is probably because their leadership is threatened that the "Thorezians" have successively eliminated three of the most popular leaders of the party—Marty, Lecoeur, and Tillon—and it probably also explains why they still stick doggedly to the Stalinist methods. By depriving the

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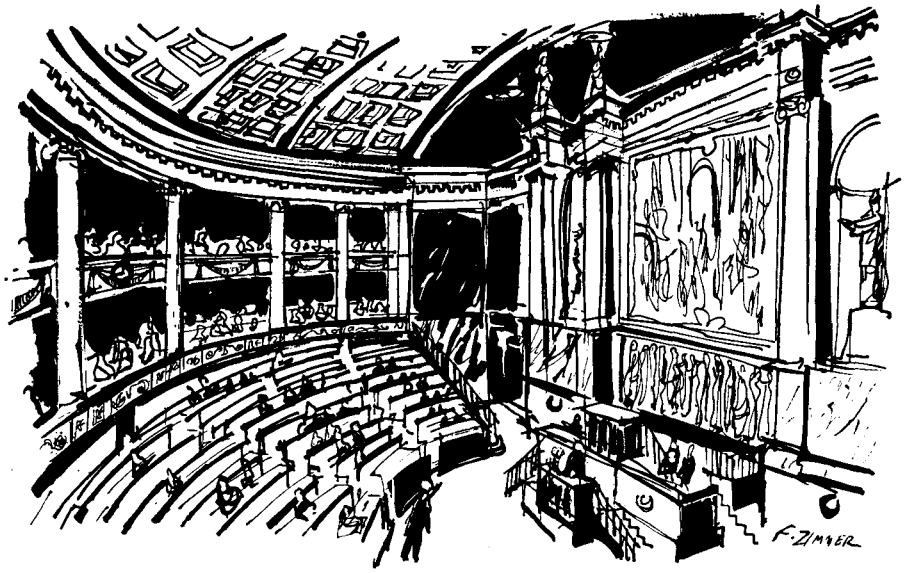


rank and file of all freedom of speech, Stalinism keeps the party chiefs from being submerged in a flood of criticism and from being eliminated in favor of men who represent more accurately the aspirations of the working class—who are, in a word, more capable of understanding that there can be a better policy than the unconditional support of Soviet crimes, errors, and betrayals.

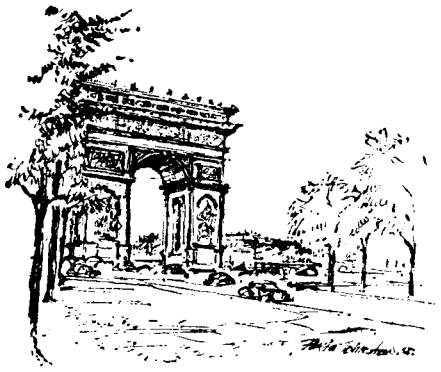
Raymond Guyot, a member of the political bureau, has recently underlined the Thorez position. The good Communist's "attitude toward the Soviet Communist Party," he has said, "is a matter of principle. He who sets this principle aside falls into a morass. He who puts it aside weakens and imperils the working class and the international Communist movement."

UNTIL the Khrushchev speech there were no great problems for Thorez and his clan. The thesis of "unconditional support" was generally accepted and every tentative step toward "factionalism" quickly discovered and annihilated. But the publication in *Le Monde* of the Khrushchev document had the effect of a bomb.

The embarrassment of the party was evident. For a long time party leaders didn't mention the report, even pretended to doubt its authenticity. But in private at least they were forced to admit the sad truth. Faced with these stirrings, which followed the exclusion from the party of Pierre Hervé, one of its most brilliant theoreticians, the Fourteenth Congress of the French Communist Party which gathered in Le Havre in July was expected to emphasize de-Stalinization. Actually, it did no such thing. The Thorez leadership dominated the various delegations so thoroughly that no opposition voice was heard. Thorez used an argument of singular simplicity: "There has been no Stalinism," as he put it on another occasion; "this expression belongs to the vocabulary of our adversaries." So why speak of de-Stalinization?

The many opponents, always afraid of seeing "reactionary forces" profit from the division of the working class, swallowed their discontent in the name of party unity.

But their discontent smoldered



and in the Hungarian revolution it exploded.

Where Can They Go?

It is still too soon to know whether the waves which are now battering the French Communist Party will wash away its present leadership. The Thorezians continue to dominate the "apparatus," and they are counterattacking on all fronts with the same violence as the Soviets employ on the international plane.

The final solution will probably come from events outside the French Communist Party. A new international *détente* might knock the props out from under Thorez. But so far there is no reason to expect the detachment from the Communist Party of the five million French voters who regularly vote for its candidates.

The Communist Party holds nearly a quarter of the seats in the National Assembly, paralyzing in effect all normal political and parliamentary life. The reason for this is that the French party has succeeded in identifying itself with the working class, with progress, and with social justice in the minds of many people who are not Marxists and who would not like to see the Soviet system applied in France. For nearly three years after the Liberation, the Communist Party, having played an important role in the Resistance, took part in the government. French workers had the impression that they were participating in power. The terrible feeling of alienation and isolation which they had always felt in the midst of a bourgeois, peasant, and commercial society seemed to be disappearing. The cold war soon reestablished the alienation, however, and again pushed a large proportion of the French population into a state of total opposition and total rejection of the society in which they found themselves.

This was the period of large-scale, semi-insurrectional strikes, of mass demonstrations, and of fat circulation figures for *L'Humanité*. The Communist Party claimed a million members, and the CGT brought five million under its complete control.

THE SITUATION today is very different. Even without an open crisis, members have departed by the tens of thousands from a party which never succeeded in taking power and which seemed to them to be losing any hope of doing so. Little by little, things are settling down, but it is in an order that rests largely on discouragement and on the workers' loss of confidence in themselves.

The Hungarian crisis will no

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doubt hasten this slow decomposition. But again, one cannot be sure that it will have any significant effect on the electorate. Long after they stopped marching in demonstrations, or even belonging to the party and the CGT, the discouraged millions have continued to vote for the Communist candidates. This can be explained by the absence in France of a large party of the Left that truly represents the aspirations of the working class, its traditional anti-colonial and anti-capitalist positions, its respect for democracy and individual liberty. The disillusioned Communist masses, as disoriented as they are by the crumbling of the paradise on earth for which they had fought, will not easily resign themselves to being mere spectators of history.

The Socialist Party could have been and should have been their refuge. But it has more and more lost its working-class character as it has been dominated by functionaries and members of the genteel professions. Above all, Guy Mollet's Algerian policy and his Suez intervention are too contrary to the mentality of the Left for the Socialist Party to gain what it should have from the Communist crisis.

As long as there is no change in the leadership of the Socialist Party, the disappointed Communists will either stay in the party of Thorez in the hope that it will reform itself or join the ranks of those who disagree deeply with all the parties from the extreme Right to the extreme Left. There are many such people; they are the disabused, the heartbroken, the hopeless—and they are available. But available for what? The calls for a "New Left" get a limited response. One cannot improvise a great political movement.

IT IS HARD to say who will finally assume the leadership of the mass of Communist followers. It is not only a question of their votes, which in the last analysis don't count for very much, but also of their hearts and wills. In the present turmoil, which affects much more than the Left only, even a Hitler might meet with some success in France. But, thank God, M. Poujade is only a very little Hitler—certainly not big enough to make a revolution.

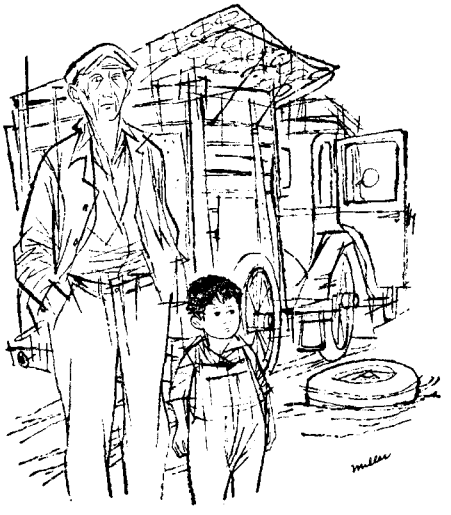
Down from the Hills And into the Slums

JAMES A. MAXWELL

"THOSE PEOPLE are creating a terrible problem in our city," the woman sitting across the table from me in the dining car said with a mixture of anger and despair. "They can't or won't hold a job, they flout the law constantly and neglect their children, they drink too much and their moral standards would shame an alley cat. For some reason or other, they absolutely refuse to accommodate themselves to any kind of decent, civilized life."

The woman in this instance was not a New Yorker denouncing Puerto Ricans or a San Franciscan belaboring Mexicans. She was, in fact, a resident of Indianapolis, and the subject of her diatribe was an ethnic group usually considered to be the most favored in American society—white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Her term for them was "hillbillies."

IT IS one of the curious ironies of our times that these people with deep ancestral roots in this country are experiencing, in dozens of Midwestern towns, the same kinds of



difficulties in adjustment that immigrants are having in coastal cities. Also, these native Americans often receive the sort of chill reception that is all too often accorded "minorities."

High-paying jobs at the beginning of the Second World War started the stream of families flowing from the hills of Kentucky into the cities of the Midwest, and when the war ended, a sharp decrease in the coal-mining labor force and gradual elimination of marginal farming provided new impetus to the migration.

Some idea of the scope of this movement can be gained from the 1950 census. Kentucky, for example, is listed as the birthplace of some 3.7 million persons living in the United States. The population of the state, however, was only 2.9 million, which means an emigration of nearly one out of four persons born in Kentucky. There is no indication that this trend has changed since the last census.

Feeling of Isolation

A proud, independent people with customs, values, and mores that differ markedly from those usually found in urban centers, these mountaineers are likely to consider themselves—and be considered—as aliens once they become city dwellers. They resent the pressures exerted to make them conform. Their strong family and regional ties lead them to huddle in their own ghettos. They settle in slum or semi-slum areas. The city life they know and live is that of the slums.

They often pay exorbitant amounts for poor quarters. Overcrowding is chronic; ten or twelve persons often live in two rooms. The situation is only partly explained by low incomes. "For no more money than they're paying for slum apartments," a social worker said, "a lot of these families could move into the suburbs and perhaps buy a house. But they simply won't consider going away from their own people. For a social worker even to suggest

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moving is to risk a fiery outburst of anger."

In most Midwestern cities, these neighborhoods of Southern mountaineers are as easily recognizable as those made up of Italians or Jews or Negroes. The people from the mountains usually are tall, loose-limbed, and angular, with the blond hair and ruddiness traditionally associated with the English race. On the whole, both men and women are shabbily dressed—the men in sloppy, ill-fitting suits and colored shirts with garish ties, while the women

seem to prefer nondescript dresses hanging loose from the shoulders. The hill folk speak with a twang of their own that sounds somewhat rustic and archaic and frequently use terms that were familiar at the time of the first Queen Elizabeth.

In these neighborhoods, bars and store-front churches exist in about equal profusion and, on summer evenings when doors are open, the impassioned exhortations of the preachers and blaring "country" music from juke boxes merge in furious cacophony. The men of the younger set wander about the streets in tight-fitting blue jeans and sport shirts looking like sailors in a strange foreign port.

Although the mountaineers are normally shy but friendly people, their feeling of isolation in big cities often makes them wary of strangers, especially of those who have official status.

"What makes working with mountaineers difficult," a Cincinnati police officer said recently, "is the fact that every social worker, teacher, and policeman is a symbol of authority to them and is therefore viewed as a threat. If an argument starts in an ordinary bar, for instance, and an officer walks in, things usually quiet down immediately. But let a policeman go into a saloon patronized by the mountaineers when a quarrel's in progress and about nine times out of ten, a real fight will start."

Ignorance of the Law

"Frankly," another officer told me, "they're responsible for a disproportionate amount of lawbreaking in the city. Liquor's a big problem with them. They're either teetotalers or heavy drinkers—mostly the latter —and that invitably leads to shootings, child neglect, rape, and similar crimes. Their teen-age kids are without supervision and run wild on the streets at night, and that's another big headache for us.

"However," he added, "they often get into jams simply because our laws and customs are different from anything they've known. Take statutory rape, for example. Most mountaineers never heard of that idea. 'If they're big enough, they're old enough' is likely to be the attitude toward girls. When we arrest a man of, say, twenty-five for having sex relations with a girl of fifteen, he's completely baffled when we tell him that her agreement is no defense for him.

"Incest is another matter which a lot of mountaineers see differently than we do. They usually come from small, isolated communities where there's a considerable amount of inbreeding anyway, and they can't see why it's any business of the police what they do with their sex life. Just a few days ago, for instance, one of them looked at me as though I'd lost my mind when I told him that he was under arrest for having intimate relations with his stepdaughter. 'Hell, she ain't even a cousin,' he told me."

A similar lack of understanding of the laws governing compulsory education also generates frequent antagonism toward teachers and truant officers. Large schools apparently make a number of the children of mountaineers feel insecure, and they simply leave classes when the pressure becomes too great. In addition, many parents have no reluctance about keeping youngsters from school to complete some chore in the home. Regardless of the cause of absence, the parents are likely to resent any interference by school authorities. Back in the hills, an elementary knowledge of reading and writing is considered adequate for most children, and the parents can see no reason for further concern on the state's part when that goal is reached.

The Health Problems

A number of employers have found Southern mountaineers equally casual in their attitude toward appearing for work. "Their absentee records are not good," the personnel manager of one Cincinnati firm said. "Also, they seem to do everything wrong because of lack of training and poor physical stamina. They're not used to tough competition."

The health of the Southern mountaineers, by and large, seems to be fairly poor even before they settle down in the cities. During the war years, Selective Service rejection rates for men from the Southern Appalachian region were between a third and a half, considerably above the national average.

A Cincinnati doctor recently reported that between eighty and ninety per cent of the seventeen-year-old mountain boys currently being examined for the draft are rejected for physical or psychiatric reasons. "They have no conception of what we consider adequate medical standards," he said.

Progress, although painfully slow, is being made in this area. Parents are using the free clinics, especially when their children are ill, and absorbing considerable medical lore from doctors, nurses, and dietitians. Schoolchildren, too, are learning some of the prerequisites of good health and, in some cases, passing

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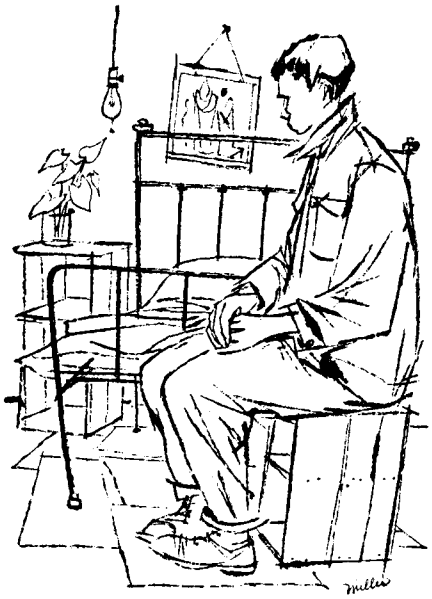
along the information in their homes.

Trying to Understand

Education, however, is a two-way street. In several Midwestern cities, steps have been taken to acquaint the community with the problems and viewpoints of the Southern mountaineer. In Cincinnati, for example, the Mayor's Friendly Relations Committee and the local Social Service Association sponsored a workshop for educators, employers, social workers, and others in which experiences with mountaineers and their families were exchanged. Under the leadership of Dr. Roscoe Griffin of Berea College, who has had long and close association with the mountain people, the group discussed every aspect of the matter.

"Obviously, we didn't come up with any final answers," one of the men who attended the sessions told me, "but we learned a lot about the mountain people and many of our own prejudices were laid decently to rest. That's a big start."

Not long ago, I was discussing Southern mountaineers with a Negro social worker. "When I look at those people," he said, "I realize that my race doesn't have all the problems in the world. When I was a kid in New York, I used to think that if there was such a thing as reincarnation, I'd want to come back as a 'wasp.' That's social-work jargon for white Anglo-Saxon Protestant. Now I know that even that doesn't give you the world by the tail."



How the Republicans Lost in the West

JOE MILLER

At 8 P.M. November 6, Republican headquarters in the Shirley-Savoy Hotel, Denver, was the scene of jubilation as the news of the G.O.P. sweep rolled in from the East. Colorado Republicans waited to hear the same kind of results from President Eisenhower's adopted home state. Former Governor Dan Thornton, who had shed his campaign cowboy suits for more conventional attire, was jovially responding to the title of Senator and accepting congratulations.

Four hours later, the same crowd was desolately huddled in small knots. Thornton, conceding to Democrat John Carroll, had left abruptly. Although Eisenhower had carried Colorado by a bigger margin than in 1952, the Democrats had swept the state, even carrying the legislature, which they hadn't controlled since 1936. The "victory party" at the Shirley-Savoy broke up shortly thereafter. "It just ain't real," one Republican was heard to observe as he walked away. "How could this have happened to us?"

Thirteen hundred miles westward, in a Portland, Oregon, hotel room, another man was articulating a similar thought a few hours later. Douglas McKay, already roundly defeated by Senator Wayne Morse, had just received some more bad news. He was told that Oregon's Democrats were overwhelming the G.O.P. in the "Vermont of the West," carrying the governorship, three of four House seats, the legislature (which had long been Republican), and other traditionally G.O.P. county and municipal citadels. McKay's usually affable countenance was grim as he turned to his wife.

"Well, that settles it, Mother," the former Secretary of the Interior said. "Oregon and the whole damned West are going socialist. We might as well sell our house in Salem and move. It looks as if there isn't any room for our kind of people any more. These new people moving in just don't have sense enough to vote Republican."

An aide, trying to cheer McKay, wanly observed that it wasn't all so bad, that Eisenhower had won and the Republicans had made inroads in the usually Democratic strongholds of the East and South.

McKay brightened a bit. "Well, there may be some hope somewhere," he said. "But it's a pretty dismal situation here. The West just seems to be thinking socialist."

Reverse Trend

As Eisenhower was sweeping the West, the Democrats were taking almost sixty per cent of state and local races. Three of Ike's hand-picked candidates for the Senate—McKay, Thornton, and Governor Arthur B. Langlie of Washington—were defeated. This trend was remarkable in many respects. Voters showed a clear disregard for old prejudices or shibboleths in choosing candidates. Idaho, once isolationist in sentiment, overwhelmingly elected an outspoken internationalist to the U.S. Senate; Oregon's Wayne Morse proudly proclaimed his vice-chairmanship in Americans for Democratic Action; and, of course, there was the celebrated case of India-born Dalip Singh Saund, who was elected to Congress from one of California's G.O.P. districts. Oregon elected a Democrat to Congress who outrightly said that Red China's admission to the United Nations was inevitable and we should recognize it. In Washington, where a Scandinavian name is supposed to be worth at least fifty thousand votes, Italian Catholic Al Rosellini overwhelmed Emmett Anderson for the governorship, and four other Catholic Democrats were elected to leading state offices in predominantly Protestant Washington. Colorado elected Steve McNichols,

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the first Catholic governor in its history.

The Communist bugaboo, which in 1954 caused the defeat of John Carroll and other Western liberals and almost defeated Joseph C. O'Mahoney in Wyoming, James E. Murray in Montana, and Richard L. Neuberger in Oregon, didn't get off the ground this time. The Republicans blushed to use it. "You might as well run against Technocracy these days," Governor Langlie observed.

The Problems of Growth

Why did the G.O.P. lose the West? There were different reasons in different states. In Washington a "right-to-work" direct-initiative petition—placed on the ballot by conservative Republican businessmen—inspired organized labor to the greatest political activity in its history, which naturally benefited the Democrats. In Idaho public resentment against Senator Herman Welker dragged down the entire G.O.P. ticket. Conversely, the popularity of Oregon's Wayne Morse and Washington's Warren Magnuson provided a coattail assist to other Democrats.

But the fundamental explanation was not merely the personal popularity of one man or the unpopularity of another, contrary to a recent post-election analysis by *Time* magazine. Washington's politically astute Senator Magnuson recognized this fact when he remarked, after his re-election over Governor Langlie by a record 250,000 plurality: "I'm not *that* much more popular than anyone. Our people were concerned with the real issues this time. And when that happens they are just naturally going to vote Democratic."

Magnuson, the last original Western New Dealer, put his finger on the basic point: that the Republican Party has simply lost touch with the immediate realities of the West. Ever since Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman pushed the buttons at Grand Coulee, Shasta, Big Thompson, Fort Peck, and other massive projects, the region has been going through a period of spectacular growth. Between 1950 and 1955, for instance, the Census Bureau reports that the West's growth exceeded the national population increase by ten per cent. In a word, the West has been changed in two decades from being a raw-materials colony for the East to an almost self-sufficient empire of its own.

But this spectacular growth, crowding a half century of development into a handful of years, has brought its own intense problems. With a floodtide of population still sweeping irresistibly westward, the vast region has many needs: for more cheap water power (its economic equalizer with the East) to provide for new industry; for more water for its arid lands; for new schools and new housing. Many of these needs are dependent upon the Federal dollar. "We are moving too fast," says a Seattle banker, "to be able to afford any kind of status quo."

Quiet Recession

Throughout the West more business bankruptcies have been reported in the last four years by the Federal Reserve Board than in any other comparable period since 1932. The Seattle area has had more bankruptcies this year than in any year since 1931.

The depth of the West's quiet recession is revealed by an economic look at Oregon, a state which remained stoutly Republican throughout the Roosevelt years but which last November 6 went sweepingly Democratic. "Frankly, this state has gone to hell under the Republicans," said a Salem businessman who voted Democratic for the first time in his life. "Another four years of this Republicanism and we will be worse off than Mississippi."

Long accustomed to the influx of new payrolls as cheap Federally produced Columbia River power came on the line, Oregon has had no major payroll additions in the last four years. Net farm income, $197 million in the last year of the Truman Administration, dropped to $144 million last year. Oregon's per capita income has fallen from $94 above the national average to $13 below. National income under Eisenhower is up sixteen per cent; in Oregon it is up four per cent. The state's leading industry, lumber, has slumped twenty-one per cent in the last six months, and unemployment or partial employment (three-day weeks) has made post-depression records.

Avoidance of Issues

In Oregon and the rest of the West, voters obviously wanted some promise or hope that better things were in store, or at least a serious discussion of the problems from the candidates. From the Republican office seekers they received, for the most part, neither. In Oregon all that McKay, a home-grown symbol of all that has gone wrong, could talk about was his dislike of Morse, his pioneer forebears, and his admiration for the President. Colorado's Dan Thornton told voters of his close frienship with Ike, but little else. Idaho's Welker was concerned with the "Red menace," but not with the pocketbook menace to the people of Boise or Blackfoot. Langlie of Washington, who had spent most of his gubernatorial terms fighting Hell's Canyon and other Northwest dams, Federal aid to education, and other forms of what he called "pork barreling," refused to discuss issues; his entire campaign was devoted to attacking Senator Magnuson's personal life and demanding that he make public his income-tax returns.

When it came to issues, the Republicans were either silent or against—a fact that did not go unnoticed by the electorate. With one minor exception, every G.O.P. candidate in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho who opposed Hell's Canyon Dam was defeated. "We were wrong in assuming that his Hell's Canyon stand would re-elect Herman Welker," editorialized the Idaho *Statesman*. "In the upper Snake River area, across the Magic valley and in Canyon County, where the water challenge has been the test in previous times, Senator Welker was roundly defeated."

Wanted: McNary Republicans

After the debacle, some of the more perceptive Republicans were able to see what had happened. "Somewhere along the line," a G.O.P. editor told me, "our party leaders lost touch with the West's needs. Can you imagine Charles McNary, who spent twenty-seven years in the U.S. Senate fighting for Western development, or Bill Borah, or

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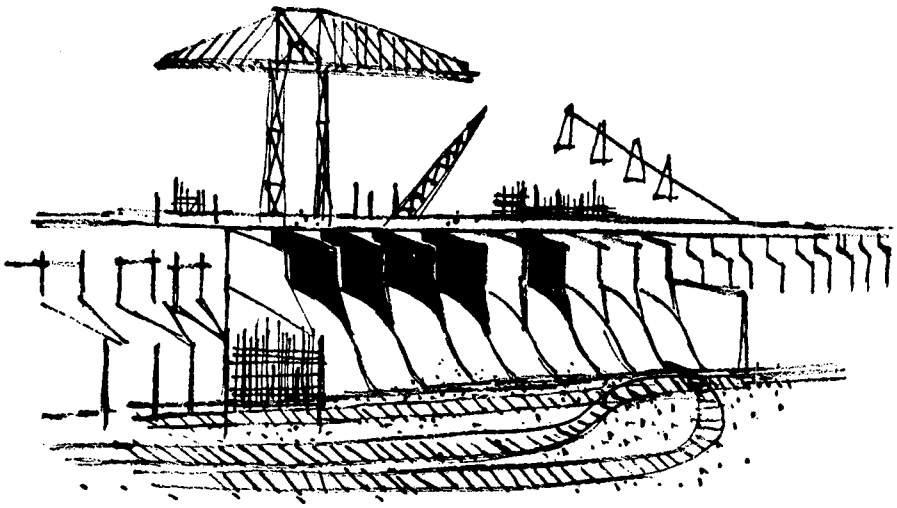
Earl Warren staging a campaign as barren as the ones we have just seen? Once we had Republicans who fought for the West on a nonpartisan basis. They weren't anybody's rubber stamps. McNary was a loyal Republican, but it didn't stop him from fighting for public power or parity during the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover Administrations. It is ironic that the Democrats won in 1956 on the resource policies originally laid down by McNary, Teddy Roosevelt, and other Republicans. Now that this current crop has got themselves elected to private life,



maybe we can develop the McNary kind of Republican again."

It is hard to escape the conclusion that Western business interests, which have carried an increasing voice in the G.O.P., were in some degree responsible for the debacle. The close relationship between private utilities and the Republicans was all too clear. And, as Oregon Republican Tom McCall pointed out, "able Republican candidates were saddled with disabling issues in the case of Washington's 'right-to-work' initiative and a tax-boosting measure in Oregon." McCall blamed business interests for the damage done Republican candidates.

THE ONLY significant race won by the G.O.P. in the West was the re-election of California's Senator Thomas Kuchel. Kuchel has zealously devoted himself to California's interests and problems. For example, he teamed up with Washington's Senator Magnuson to aid his state's badly hit tuna-fishing industry. Kuchel beat challenger Richard Richards by 400,000 votes, while California Democrats were making gains in other races. In Oregon, the only Republicans elected to state offices were two young liberals who had disassociated themselves from the Old Guard. In Washington the entire G.O.P. ticket was defeated with the exception of the President and the incumbent Congressmen, four of whom had opposed Langlie on Hell's Canyon. One liberal Washington Republican, defeated for a state office, complained to me: "Personally I was opposed to Langlie's views on most matters. But I was warned to be quiet about it, or lose the party's support."

TO SUCH complaints, Bill Johnson, editor of the liberal Lewiston, Idaho, *Tribune*, replies: "It is possible to sympathize with the plight of Republicans thus pulled down. But the plain fact is that the unhappy policies which have thwarted the West were originally enunciated before Eisenhower, by such native Westerners as Benson, McKay, Welker, and Langlie. Ike, in carrying them out, was merely reflecting their views. If the Republicans had leaders who opposed these policies, it was not evident in this campaign."

Youth and TV

The Western candidates of Eisenhower's "party of the future" made little attempt to recruit younger voters to their cause. McKay's campaign managers actually refused help from the young men who had put so much vigor into the Senate primary campaign of Phil Hitchcock this spring. Significantly, McKay did poorly in some of the counties where Hitchcock had been even stronger than Morse.

Against the generally fumbling efforts of the G.O.P., the Democrats in general made the most of what turned out to be a golden opportunity. They put up more attractive candidates than the Republicans could muster, such as Senator-elect Frank Church in Idaho and Governor-elect Bob Holmes in Oregon. In Oregon only six years ago the Democratic Party was generally in the hands of hacks resigned to running a permanent minority party for the sake of Federal patronage. In 1956 they had all been replaced by younger and generally more appealing candidates.

TELEVISION also played a major role in the Democrats' Western resurgence. In previous elections the newspapers had been a dominant force in state and local elections. This time they were practically impotent; only two small papers in Oregon supported Morse, while three in Washington were for Magnuson, and two in Idaho for Church.

Television, now blanketing the Far West, gave the Democrats a new advantage. Many voters saw for the first time the men they were voting for, and the fact that the Democrats generally looked more impressive and spoke more articulately about the issues undoubtedly helped sway the undecided. "Every time Senator Welker went on television, he lost thousands of votes," said Carl Burke, Church's campaign manager. In Oregon's Willamette Valley a Republican housewife watched the veteran Representative Harris Ellsworth stumble through a television program and asked herself: "Is that the man I've been voting for seven times?" She was one of the voters that enabled attractive young Charles Porter to upset Ellsworth in a district hitherto regarded as an unassailable G.O.P. stronghold.

Vanishing 'Giveaways?'

What does the Democratic Western resurgence portend? For one thing, it practically assures, if on a modified basis, a return to the New and Fair Deal resource policies. Eisen-

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hower's "partnership," which got nowhere in four years, now has been officially buried, a fact guardedly admitted by the White House shortly after the election. The Associated Press reported from Washington, quoting an anonymous White House official, that the Administration has started a complete review of its power and resource policies. "The study is designed," the official was quoted as saying, "to determine whether changes in principle or policies are needed or whether there should be changes in administration and a better getting across to the people of the story of what is being done."

In plainer language, this may well mean that the so-called "giveaway" policy dramatized by Hell's Canyon is over and that more Federal power projects—such as John Day, Lower Monumental, Little Goose, and Lower Granite—will be grudgingly supported in Ike's second term. "Len Hall and the high brass have got the message," a Seattle G.O.P. leader observed wryly. There now are no more Republicans left in Congress who are willing to fight for "partnership."

Coming Fight for Control

But the election probably has deeper significance than the power issue alone. The election of Democratic liberals throughout the Far West will certainly have an impact on the make-up of the Democratic Party. For perhaps the first time the voice of the West will be as strong as that of the Democratic East and South, a fact noted by the pending election of Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana as Assistant Senate Majority Leader. If the West's Democrats consolidate and expand their gains in the 1958 elections, as they have every opportunity of doing, the effect will be to strengthen the party's sorely pressed liberal wing in its pending battle with the Southern conservatives in 1960.

Robert Holmes, who will be Oregon's first liberal governor in thirty-four years, poses the issue in these words: "We Western Democrats have been presented with a magnificent opportunity. Now it rests with us to make the most of it. Should we fail, we will have no one but ourselves to blame."

Man in the Shadows: Krishna Menon

PHILIP DEANE

SOON AFTER OPPOSING in the United Nations the General Assembly's first attempt to condemn the massacres of the Hungarian people by the Soviet Army, India's U.N. delegate, Vengalil Krishnan Krishna Menon, smiling ingratiatingly, approached an eminent western diplomat and a no less eminent western journalist in the Assembly lobby.

He got a frigid reception. The two westerners asked him how he could possibly justify his stand. The famous Menon temper exploded, and he shouted: "Hungary! The Russians should have bombed London after the Anglo-French attack on Egypt!" And he stalked away, stabbing the floor with his cane, looking, as one western journalist observed,

"like a wicked fairy complete with wand."

At that time, persistent rumors were circulating about how Menon had been telling Latin-American and Asian delegates that "all this fuss over Hungary" was being made by the West to divert attention from the "imperialist" attack on Egypt. He was even reported to have said that Secretary Dulles's illness was not real—just a diplomatic one allowing him to get out of leading a diplomatic onslaught against Britain and France. Certainly, delegates buttonholed by Menon and talked to in corners seemed to erupt at some point of the conversation and walk away in high indignation.

Yet Menon went on urging: "Don't talk to Hammarskjöld. Come and talk to me for an hour. I've got a plan." More and more Menon was shunned by former admirers as he hovered in corridors, a solitary figure in tight, rather unfashionable but faultlessly cut English clothes, a slight, unimposing figure to watch from a distance until you get close enough to see the famous Mephistophelian Menon face. It's the eyes that dominate, and the mouth. The eyes are quizzical, definitely full of suspicion, and with the position of the lips the whole face wears an unmistakable: "What-is-this-fool-going-to-try-on-me-now" expression.

Embarrassing Even Nehru

It was apparent to other delegates, including Indian ones, that Krishna Menon had isolated himself, that he had himself weakened—perhaps destroyed—his position in the United Nations. By his attitude toward the Russian massacres of the Hungarians, Menon had greatly embarrassed Nehru. The Indian Prime Minister is reported to have sent a blistering letter to his delegate. Before Parliament in New Delhi, Nehru came out against the Russian action, though he too seemed to be far more concerned with the Egyptian affair. Nevertheless, Nehru made Menon adopt a more honest stand in the United Nations. But—and this is a very important clue to Nehru's character—he went on defending Menon, as he did when Menon as Indian High Commissioner in London gave gov-

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ernment contracts to acquaintances who did not deliver the goods.

There was no dishonesty involved on Menon's part, just a fantastic casualness, but it was a weapon for his enemies in the Indian Cabinet, the Indian civil service, and the Indian press. Later Nehru had to threaten to resign in order to make Menon a Cabinet Minister.

The 'Formula Peddler'

One reason why Nehru defends Menon so strongly is the latter's undoubted ability—undoubted, at least, until the present United Nations debate. Long before he became Prime Minister, and while still in jail, Nehru had declared his intention to make India much more influential than its military or economic power warranted. As soon as the British announced in 1946 that they would withdraw from India the following year, Nehru sent Menon on an extended tour of the world's capitals to build contacts, organize mutual diplomatic recognition, and put India on the diplomatic map.

Later, in spite of the contracts fiasco, Menon's record as High Commissioner in London was brilliant. Subsequently, as India's delegate to the United Nations, he drafted and promoted what was to become with modifications the substance of the Korean armistice agreement. During the 1954 Geneva conference on Indo-China, Menon, though not an official delegate, was feverishly active, bringing opponents together and devising formulas to reconcile patently irreconcilable stands. Everyone—the British, the French, and the Communists—praised his efforts and put his formulas into effect. In fact, at that conference Menon illustrated his greatest talent, that of the "formula manipulator."

To those who adopt them, his formulas may subsequently appear to have been almost deliberately constructed for misinterpretation. Menon will answer such criticism by saying his formula was the best obtainable and that it either brought peace or avoided war.

At the Bandung Conference in April, 1955, he again hammered out formulas and took much work off Nehru's shoulders. Then Menon visited Peking on May 11, and came out to announce that on India's request the Chinese government would release four American airmen.

He hoped this would lead to a more general agreement between Washington and Peking. In pursuit of such an agreement, Menon went to London, and from there via Ottawa to Washington, where he talked with President Eisenhower.

This was a significant period in the Indian diplomat's life. Menon

came away from Washington feeling that credit due him for the release of the American airmen was being given to Hammarskjöld. The U.S. press in particular and the West in general placed Menon below Hammarskjöld as a world mediator.

From that time, Menon has been heard to make violent attacks on Hammarskjöld. He seemed almost frantic in his desire to outdo the Secretary-General of the United Nations as a mediator. From the middle of 1955, Menon's efforts began to lose much of their constructiveness.

A Peculiar Anglophile

This tendency was aggravated by the Suez crisis. Because India defended Egypt's nationalization of the canal, western leaders treated Menon with an aloofness amounting to cold shouldering. He was all the more annoyed because he had worked hard at trying to find a solution. He attended the first London conference on Suez in August. He returned to Delhi, then visited Cairo for six days in mid-September. He then flew to London for talks with Selwyn Lloyd, returned to Delhi, paid another visit to Cairo during the first week in October, went to London again on October 7, and after that to New York where the emergency Security Council was meeting, back to Delhi, and again to New York for the emergency General Assembly meeting after the Israeli attack.

In spite of all this buzzing around, Menon got nowhere because the West would not deal with him. More irascible and temperamental than Nehru, more inclined to oppose and attack for the sake of opposition and attack, feeling snubbed by old friends like Selwyn Lloyd, and increasingly jealous of Hammarskjöld, Menon adopted an attitude that almost said: "If you have already decided I am bad, I'll show you how bad I can be."

He may say now that he wishes the Russians had bombed London, yet he loves England. Even though he was subjected occasionally to racial slights when he lived in London, he is generous enough to remember the good things rather than the bad. His desire to keep India within the British Commonwealth does not stem only from political considerations but also from affection for the country where he spent his years of exile.

During those years he was, as now, irascible and insecure. Penurious always, he was characterized by perpetual colds, large cheap scarves, and a kettle which bubbled endlessly on his gas ring to replenish the teapot from which he seemed to get his only nourishment while he wrote prodigiously and lectured anyone in sight.

In many ways he was a successful man. The Labour Party admired him enough to offer him a safe seat from which he was sure to become a Member of Parliament—Indians had sat in Westminster before. But being offered a seat by the party is not enough. You must be accepted by the party committee in the constituency. Menon went for the all-important interview, and proceeded to offend the solid chapel-influenced workers with middle-class aspirations who habitually sit on such committees. To his regret, the constituency rejected Menon. He had frightened the committee by a

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display of mental fireworks, by arguing, for the sake of arguing, against his convictions and theirs. This seems to be a self-destroying habit of Menon's, a sort of irresistible political death wish. He was disappointed, but not embittered or discouraged.

When India gained its independence in 1947, Menon told his friends he could not make up his mind whether to take up Indian politics or stay in English politics. He loved Britain. It is one of the many sentiments and thoughts that Menon shares with Nehru, as if both had grown mentally in the same way, and in this affinity lies one explanation of why Nehru champions Menon.

SUPERFICIALLY, their backgrounds are completely different. Nehru, the son of a westernized aristocrat, went to Harrow and Cambridge. Menon grew up in the matriarchal society of Malabar, under the traditional domination of extremely orthodox female relatives. His first revolt was to join theosophist Annie Besant's Home Rule for India League, whereupon his family cut him off without a penny.

After that he received help from Mrs. Besant, who finally sent him to England in 1924. There, Menon first taught history in a private school, then threw himself passionately into study at London University. Harold Laski taught and influenced him and he became identified from then on with the extreme left wing of the Fabians. Here again is another similarity with Nehru, who, through his own informal studies of political science, also became a left-wing Fabian.

Because the extreme left wing, the Communists, seemed on the face of it in prewar years to Menon constant in their opposition to colonialism, it was natural that he should look upon them with sympathy, become an advocate of the Popular Fronts, and often adopt a phraseology that to this day sounds Muscovite. This applies also to Mr. Nehru.

From Hinduism to Marxism

Moreover, in London Menon made the ultimate break with Hinduism. Nehru had started making this break much earlier under the influence of his father. Both Nehru and Menon turned to a sort of old-fashioned radical rationalism based on the worship of scientific progress. Thus both men are still attracted by the reasoning in the Marxist interpretation of history. Both tend to feel that the Russian system is fluid and is bound to change for the better under the impact of economic factors. Having accepted as the truth such "grand designs" and "inevitable changes," Menon tends (as does Nehru) to look upon what he thinks is the pattern as a whole rather than upon its day-to-day manifestations. This makes him less prone to condemn present Russian excesses. Menon agrees completely with Nehru's dictum that "colonialism and racialism are worse than Communism."

Menon is sincere when he says that he criticizes the West more frequently than Russia because he thinks that criticism of the West (which he thinks of as friendly) is more likely to produce good results. The West is more redeemable, in his eyes, than is Russia, and Nehru makes the same sort of point.

This admiration for the West does not always extend to the United States. To begin with, Menon does not have with America the bonds he has with Britain. He is perhaps prone to look upon Americans as "still immature," a cherished attitude of British officials, politicians, and intellectuals, and an attitude that has been adopted by Indian Anglophiles. Moreover, they think that America, in fighting Communism, has prolonged the survival of colonialism.

Two Rootless Men

The Indian Prime Minister, who is a lonely man (an old-fashioned western rationalist surrounded by assistants still bound to Hinduism), depends on Krishna Menon for intelletual fellowship. Menon alone has, like Nehru, after rejecting Hinduism and adopting another system, gone back consciously to grow some Hindu roots again, to "discover India." Nehru has written a whole book about the process.

This shared attempt to rediscover India is a major reason why Menon enjoys Nehru's friendship and protection. They are both, in a way, the true successors of the British rulers, two men ruling a mentally foreign country. But Nehru can get away with being foreign. Even when he outrages his followers, he can still make them love him by a personal magnetism all his own. The recent demonstrations against Menon in India showed he has failed to make Indians love him; and in this vast, politically backward country, successful appeal to emotions is better than a record of achievements.

WHEN NEHRU passes from the scene, so probably will Menon. I predict that he will retire to a cheap London boardinghouse and write mordant articles for the left-wing magazines—just enough articles to pay for his tea.

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'To Keep the Memory Of So Worthy a Friend'

ETHEL WILSON

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of being lame is that one can sit and think without the shame of being lazy and with no apology to anyone. And so I often think and think about the two actors Henry Condell and John Heminge, and I can never get to the end of the wonder of what they did and what they do in the world today, even though not even their dust remains—unless it was wiped off a London window sill this morning. Scholars know about them, of course, even amateur scholars like myself; but one is inclined to take them for granted, like the unicorn, and that is not fair to such great and humble men.

The last time but one that my husband and I were in London, we said, "We will not go home without finding the place where Condell and Heminge were buried." But London began to exercise her manifold arts, and we went home without trying to find the church of St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury.

The Quest

Next time we arrived from Portugal on a Tuesday night in May, and on Wednesday morning we hailed a taxi, looked at the taxi driver, said "St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury," and experienced at once a feeling of disquiet.

The mind of the London taxi driver is a wonderful organism. His taxi is an extension of himself. He needs only a word to start him off, taxi and all, by wide and devious routes to any place, however obscure, in the London area. Twice only I have found him not knowing: once when I wanted to go to Great Turnstile (there is, of course, no turnstile; Great Turnstile has other fame), and now when we wanted to go to St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury, and the expression of not knowing came on the taxi driver's face. "Down in the City, beyond the bombed part behind St. Paul's," we said, and he nodded.

Down in the City he stopped. "Well, 'ere we are," he said pleasantly, and indicated the little church of St. Mary Aldermary. We did not blame him although this was not what we wanted. St. Mary Aldermary would not do, but we got out. I leaned against St. Mary Aldermary, which, Stow said, ". . . is elder than any church of St. Marie in the Citie," and my husband went up a side street. I saw him in conversation with a policeman and a taxi driver. Another policeman joined me, a very nice man, but he did not know where St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury might be. He wanted to know if I would mind telling him why we wanted to go there, and also where I came from. As I could not begin telling him about the burial place of Condell and Heminge and what they had done and why they were important to me, I continued to lean against St. Mary Aldermary and said that I came from British Columbia, which interested him very much. When we were well into the climate of British Columbia my husband arrived in another taxi and I had to leave the policeman.

THE NEW taxi driver was young and keen and anxious to find this place that he did not know. We drove up Love Lane and past Little Love Lane and past the Roman Wall and past the empty air of St. Alphege, and Cripplegate, with all the bombed area on one side, and gutted walls, and now large blocks of buildings arising (incongruous) on the other side, and found ourselves in Little Love Lane again and then went down Love Lane once more. After doing this kind of thing for some time we saw a dark wall of survival and on it the words carved in stone, grimily decipherable, ST. MARY THE VIRGIN ALDERMANBURY. I experienced that spring at the heart which is so rare. There was no entrance available on that side, so we rounded the corner and stopped at a small garden that was enclosed—except for the paved entrance—by a railing, and we had found what we came to seek.

'Principall Actors'

All that can be seen of St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury is gutted walls, and windows that have a fey look, as though invisible glass segments remained. This must be because of the illogical effects of blast or because spiders have spun their webs; but it is probably mainly blast, not spiders. The small church is from the fifteenth century, but Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt it in the seventeenth.

Across the rough road a large new building rises, an uninvited handsome stranger in uniform. Behind lies bombed area, like craters of the moon. You enter the small neat garden on which the gutted church wall abuts. The path is of ancient paving stones. Two green trees survive and flourish, giving a prettiness and humanity to the bombed scene. On the left, beside a wall, is a long jumbled pile of stone. Will it ever be used? The ancient stones were part of the destroyed church. There are some benches in the small, unlikely garden, and naturally one sits (no one else is there) and becomes lost in speculation and in admiration and—for me—in gratitude.

For this was the place where the two men worshiped and were buried, where their wives were buried and their children were baptized and married and buried—the two authentic friends who, after the death of their fellow actor William Shakespeare, collected his works, and so those works remain to us. That is what John Heminge and Henry Condell did for Shakespeare and for themselves and for posterity, and then—a few years later—they died, and were buried here in St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury, the church of

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their parish, and their life here was over; and now we are here, and soon we shall be gone, and others will listen to Shakespeare and read him, and will owe these men a great and unpayable debt.

HERE ARE the first names on the list of twenty-six actors of Richard Burbage's company of players which Condell and Heminge have placed at the beginning of the First Folio. The introduction and the plays themselves display the irrelevance of spelling that later assumed, and now assumes, a static importance.

Thus they list:

THE NAMES OF THE
PRINCIPALL ACTORS
IN ALL THESE
PLAYES
William Shakespeare
Richard Burbadge
John Hemmings . . .
Henry Condell . . .

Condell is eighth on the list.

Then come the plays, arranged according to the considered decision of Heminge and Condell as Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, instead of chronologically, to the manifold pleasant despairs of literary scholars and historians.

One does not need to be a scholar, or not a scholar, to sit on a bench in this small garden and feel the immediacy of Henry Condell and John Heminge of this parish. Three hundred years go by very easily. In spite of footnotes, quartos, contexts, interpretations, inconsistencies, arguments, and psychology (a new invention, Sirs), scholars are human and would not be impervious to this place.

What Baconians Forget

Sitting there, I needed to know what these two men of Burbage's company of players looked like, and what their daily and nightly friend and fellow actor Shakespeare looked like. (I remembered that Burbage, Heminge, and Condell were the three actor friends who were mentioned in friendship in Shakespeare's will.) I needed to know what clothes they wore, and when they spoke would I understand them plainly? They worked with him, and acted with him, sat and ate with him, and drank with him. They played in his plays, and after his death they sat down and with infinite labor they with their intimate knowledge compiled the First Folio of his plays.

Sitting there in the small neat garden of St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury where these two men feel near at hand, one does not embark on argument. The men, the plays, are there, so clear; but for a moment one marvels that men and women of these distant days take trouble to ignore the fact of the two men (fellow actors with Shakespeare) who collected the plays. These two men lived here, and died, and were buried here; the people of these distant latter days take great trouble to think up theories based on fancy or irresponsible choice; they choose to attribute the plays to anyone except "our so worthy Friend and Fellow, Shakespeare"; they turn away from those two solid men, Condell and Heminge of this parish, as if they have never heard their names—and perhaps they have not—and pursue their fantasy.

The Inscriptions

Now let us read the words on a small plaque near the ground, and also the words graven on the sides of a pedestal in the center of the garden.

(Garden? It is an innocent plot of green, hardly a garden.) Upon the pedestal is a bust of Shakespeare. It is not authentic. It rather resembles the bust in Westminster Abbey, which is not authentic either, or the Chandos portrait. As the Christ of Renaissance and pre-Renaissance art became a visual Christ for generations of people, so this is the visual and symbolic Shakespeare; no assertions are made, and no harm is done.

Here, then, are the words we read on the ground plaque:

ST. MARY THE VIRGIN ALDERMANBURY
NOTICE

This pleasant garden full of memories of Shakespeare, and his friends, Heminge and Condell, wardens of this church, is open to all who need rest and quiet. Gratitude is due to American friends who helped to restore the garden to its present condition, and co-operation in keeping it fresh and tidy will be much appreciated.

Here follow some of the words graven on the sides of the pedestal:

JOHN HEMINGE
lived in this Parish upwards of forty-two years and in which he was married. He had fourteen children thirteen of whom were baptized, four buried and one married here.

He was buried here October 12, 1630. His wife was also buried here.

HENRY CONDELL
lived in this Parish upwards of thirty years. He had nine children eight of whom were baptized here and six buried. He was buried here December 29, 1627. His wife was also buried here.

The date of the First Folio being 1623, Heminge and Condell did not long survive the completion of their work.

The second side of the pedestal bears these words:

The fame of Shakespeare rests on his incomparable Dramas. There is no evidence that he ever intended to publish them and his premature death in 1616 made this the interest of no one else. Heminge and Condell had been co-partners with him in the Globe Theatre Southwark and from the accumulated Plays there of thirty-five years with Great Labour selected them. No men then living were so competent having acted with him in them for many years and well knowing his manuscripts. They were Published in 1623 in Folio thus giving away their Private Rights therein. What they did was priceless, for the whole of his manuscripts with almost all those of the Dramas of the Period have perished.

Below the graven face we read from the title and introductions to the First Folio of the plays, as inscribed by the compilers:

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies.

And then from the first Introduction to the First Folio, addressed:

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To the most noble and incomparable paire of brethren, William, Earle of Pembroke, etc., and Philip, Earle of Montgomery, etc. [That "etc." holds a rare vitality.]

We have but collected them and done an office to the dead . . . without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE . . .

JOHN HEMINGE
HENRY CONDELL

Then follows a passage from Heminge and Condell's second Introduction to the First Folio, which is addressed to us all, under the heading

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have been wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd, to have set forth, and overseene his own writings; but since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and published them; . . . absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them, who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expreser of it, his Mind and Hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarse received from him a blot in his papers.

'Reade Him . . . Againe and Againe'

There is beauty and felicity in the words and cadences of these two actors of Shakespeare's company—of his company also of friends. The living Shakespeare is there, the man whose "mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with . . . easinesse," and his friends Heminge and Condell, his perpetuators, are there.

"We cannot go beyond our owne power," they wrote; and so, in the prosecution of their enormous untaught task ("the faults," they said, "ours, if any be committed"), they made enough slips and errata to keep scholars in happy commotion three hundred years later. Yet without the labor of these two men of Aldermanbury, the whole body of Shakespeare's works would not have existed "absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them," either for the schoolmen or for the Great Variety of Readers who now pay their big or little money for lasting joy or an evening's magic, according to their Variety.

I LIKE the advice that occurs in the latter part of their Introduction to the First Folio:

. . . It is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. «»

A Dissenting Opinion On the O'Neill Play

MARYA MANNES

WHEN A PLAY by a great American dramatist receives a fine production and the almost unanimous praise of distinguished critics, it is not only hard but hazardous to give a dissenting opinion. Yet at the risk of losing stature and no risk of diminishing O'Neill's, this reviewer feels compelled to record certain reactions to *Long Day's Journey into Night* and to try to explain why, in her view, the play does not achieve the universality of tragedy in spite of a standard of feeling and writing that makes most contemporary drama trivial to the point of vacuity.

The reasons are inherent both in the story and in the treatment of this very long and grueling play, and I think they hinge on the words used by the playwright's widow in describing its genesis: "He was bedeviled into writing it," she said. ". . . He had to get it out of his system, he had to forgive whatever it was that caused this tragedy between himself and his mother and father."

PROBABLY the essence of my divergence from majority opinion is just this: They feel that O'Neill *did* "get it out of his system" and into a higher realm of existence, and I feel he did not. To me, the Tyrone family remained O'Neill's family throughout, torn piece by piece from his guts; and it was in this very specialness that the play's shortcomings as tragedy stood revealed.

The Tyrone-O'Neill family is not only painful to look at but hard to identify with. There are four personal tragedies consummated in the writer's own tragedy, that of the perpetually haunted Eugene O'Neill. For this reason I found that I and (judging by the constant coughing) a number of others were seldom deeply affected by the despair in each Tyrone. We watched them brought to life by a superb company of actors, well aware of their suffering and their inexorable doom, but it was not *our* suffering and *our* doom—as I believe it might well have seemed in a less subjective and obsessive treatment of people so overfreighted with catastrophe. Again, this is a minority opinion: The play appears to move many people continuously, and they seem not to share a certain embarrassment at too intimate exposures of individual pain, specific wounds from which the eye averts itself.

Long Evening's Torture

My second objection to the play concerns its length. Some of the most enthusiastic reviews conceded repetitiousness and need of pruning as minor flaws, but others acclaimed the length as essential. Yet I would say that the extra hour does the play a real disservice, and that the many long harangues on familiar subjects become boring to the occasional point of impatience, of actual exasperation at repeated suffering.

Within the first hour of *Long Day*, the whole substance of the *Journey into Night* is known. We know that

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the father Tyrone is a weak, blustering miser, guilty in part of his wife's degradation and his sons' despair, although he bears diverse kinds of love for them. We know that Mrs. Tyrone is a dope addict, incapable of cure in spite of sanitarium periods, immune to reality. We know that James, the older brother, is a psychotic drunk, torn between love and hate for young Edmund. We know that Edmund—O'Neill himself—is overvulnerable, tubercular, and racked by his family's torture. We know, without the shading of a doubt, that this family is doomed, sealed forever in the vault of their own errors and illusions.

What we learn during the next three hours is quantitative rather than qualitative; more, not different. There is nothing wrong with a cumulative sense of inevitability: It is the root of Greek tragedy. But I cannot help thinking that there is something wrong in terms of theater when foreknowledge is as complete as this, particularly if it is knowledge of hopelessness. This must impart a static condition of emotion, incapable of change or solution; and I would think tragedy could contain the first without necessarily providing the second.

WHAT WE HAVE instead is nearly four hours of very slight variations in content and only one variation in pace—the repeated shift in the Tyrone relationships from violent recrimination to desperate affection; the voices at one moment loud and harsh, at the next low and tender. Thus one is yanked back and forth between the faces of love and hate until the texture of one's attention is limp and shredded.

I feel also—and strongly—that one or two outside elements (not members of the Tyrone family) would have done great service in putting the family in perspective and showing the outside of the cage as well as its dreadful interior. The young Irish maid did this to a certain extent, and so admirably in her scene with the drugged Mrs. Tyrone that I found myself grateful for her intrusion. I would have welcomed others.

It is clear that O'Neill wanted us to share his hell without this form of release, this breath of free outer air. But the play is rough enough on an audience without complete imprisonment in the Tyrone cell.

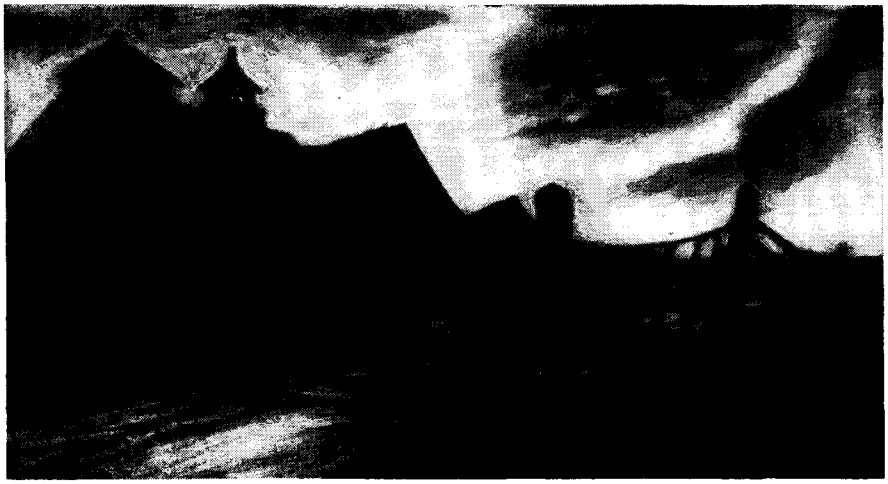
A Great Cast

I would be the last to say that *Long Day's Journey* is without great moments. There are a number of scenes of human revelation, of agonizing honesty, that only great talent could create. Both in high and low key, O'Neill's speech can attain a riveting urgency, a brooding, inexorable passion.

If I have any criticism of what is otherwise a superb production, I would charge Director José Quintero and the cast with overplaying the written words, which are so powerful that they need neither volume nor emphasis for their projection. Only the stormy flights and loud extravagances of the father Tyrone and the son Jamie were exempt from restraint; Fredric March and Jason Robards, Jr., take the honors of the evening.

As the old ruin of an actor, eaten by guilt and driven to his destructive miserliness by the memories of childhood penury, March makes a magnificent and pathetic Tyrone, the man the father O'Neill must surely have been. Robards as the elder son only confirms what his performance as the salesman in *The Iceman Cometh* amply proved: that he is an actor of enormous range and intensity. I could not imagine the young Edmund in better hands than those of Bradford Dillman, whose scene of mutual recognition with his father was one of the most moving in the play. If I leave Florence Eldridge to the last, it is not because she did not give her whole talents as the wife escaping through dope into a kinder past, but that somehow she did not come as close to Mrs. Tyrone as the image of her conveyed—to me, at least—by reading the play.

At times there was a pettishness in her that I did not perceive in the written character, who seemed essentially sweeter and warmer. I felt also that her Mrs. Tyrone was never really "there." Although this was the core of her tragedy, that she removed herself from reality by her addiction, I think there should have been more moments of deeper communication, if only to indicate what she once was, and to allow some identification with her torture. I am probably a minority of one in finding her last scene more grotesque than tragic. Given the kind of preentrance that O'Neill masterfully provided—a half hour of the men alone waiting in dread for what they knew must be her fearful entry—she appears with her white hair streaming over her eyes trailing her old wedding gown behind her, a senile Ophelia. Her doom was explicit enough without this kind of stage business.



IF, after you read this, your desire to see *Long Day's Journey into Night* is strengthened rather than weakened, then I am glad. I agree with those who feel that it is a rare theatrical experience. But I do take issue with the judgment that it is a great play or a great tragedy. It is a study of extreme personal anguish by an important playwright, brilliantly produced but in need of editing.

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MOVIES: The Crazy, Mixed-up Kids Take Over

GERALD WEALES

THEY ARE all gone or going, the film heroes of my youth—the strong, silent type, the fast-talking wiseacre, the sophisticated man of the world. All are going to pasture to make way for the movie hero of the 1950's, and he seems to be a cross between Peck's Bad Boy and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

In his latest, most grotesque form the new hero is Elvis Presley, who has climbed out of the nation's juke boxes onto its screens in a limp, lusterless Western, "Love Me Tender." Judging by the absence of crowds outside the Paramount Theater, where the film is making its New York debut, and by the restraint of the audience inside (only an occasional squeal), "Love Me Tender" is not likely to add anyone to Presley's profitable following, for his best-selling records have already given him the kind of celebrity that inspired excited fans to rip his clothes off in a Midwestern appearance last summer. His role in the film—that of a young man who looks up longingly and then jealously at his older brother—is particularly tailored to his appearance, for Presley resembles an obscene child, a too sensuous adolescent. He cannot hope to reach his brother's manliness, so he conveniently gets killed and then appears, a memory in the sky, like Jeanette MacDonald in "Smilin' Through," intoning the title song while the rest of the characters move drably across the hillside.

The film's function, of course, is not to provide a role at all, but simply an excuse for four Presley songs. His voice with its characteristic quaver, its vacillation between a shout and a whine, is the culmination of all the song criers who have been popular since the Second World War. In performance, he uses his guitar as a fetish, pounding his pelvis against it, a strident symbol that here is another of those tough, sensitive kids, one of the little boys who know what the big boys do.

Presley, however, is not to blame for the dethronement of the adult film hero, for he is simply a variant in a long line of adolescent leads. No one is to blame, I suppose. Not Marlon Brando, who first gave the new hero film form and made him popular. Not Jimmy Dean, who became the center of a posthumous cult. Not Lee Strasberg, whose Actors' Studio is supposed to be the home of the new hero's acting style. Not even the kids in blue jeans and leather jackets, both boys and girls, who carry the pictures of Brando and Dean, of Elvis and Sal Mineo in their wallets. It's just that the apotheosis of the immature has finally hit Hollywood.

WHO IS the new hero? How does he look, move, talk, and dress? The first question can be answered in a slang phrase that was popular a few years ago: He is a crazy, mixed-up kid. The answer to the second question is much easier. His mannerisms, by Brando out of the Actors' Studio, have been perfected, imitated, parodied, done to death.

First of all, he does not walk: he slouches, ambles, almost minces. His hand gestures are all tentative, incomplete, with arms out in front as though he were feeling his way along a wet-walled underground passageway, or folded back against the body as though he were warding off a blow. Although he is a tough guy, his face is excessively sensitive, almost effeminate, with full-lipped pout and large-eyed lostness.

His dress is the uniform of his admirers—the jeans, the sweatshirt, the leather jacket—but even in suit and tie he looks casual and undressed. He speaks in jagged, broken bits of sentences, disconnected words, sudden cries of pain and incoherence; inarticulateness is his trademark.

The new hero is an adolescent. Whether he is twenty or thirty or forty, he is fifteen and excessively sorry for himself. He is essentially a lone wolf who wants to belong, but even when he is the member of a gang or a group he is still alone. He is the victim of parents who do not understand him and whom he does not understand. Sometimes they love him too much, sometimes not at all; sometimes he hates them, sometimes he idolizes them. In the long run it is all one; he is loveless and wants to be loving. Since he is inarticulate, he cannot cry out his hunger; he can only communicate through a random kind of violence, which the films can best express by using motorcycles and hot rods.

The new hero at his most romantic can be found in the character that Marlon Brando played in "The Wild One." As the leader of a group of motorcyclists who descend on a town and terrorize it, Brando was at once stronger and more sensitive than his followers. He might have been any age, since the cyclists seemed to range from sixteen to forty, but his orientation with the cyclists and against the town was part of the adolescent protest against a society in which it cannot yet take part.

The popularity of the film, particularly among teen-agers, had little to do with its real intention. Although the movie was a watering down of the Frank Rooney story "Cyclists' Raid," it still contained some of the elements of parable. Although the film had lost the political implications that the story had, it still embodied a horrified comment on meaningless violence. The appeal, though, to the younger viewers must have been one of identification. It is the Brando of "The Wild One" whose picture appears most often in the pinball and Pokerino parlors in the Times Square area where the cultists get their pin-ups.

THE NEW HERO in his purest form can be seen in the Jimmy Dean roles in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "East of Eden"; essentially they are the same character. Reduced to his simplest terms—and such is the method of the movies—the character in both films is suffering from something that probably could be called

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father failure. In "Rebel," the high-school boy is rudderless, skittering along the edge of juvenile delinquency, because the father whom he wants to admire is too plainly weak and henpecked. In "East of Eden," the young man is riotous and rebellious because his stern father expects him to be. In both films, the boy works his way toward maturity, but the bulk of the film shows him as a weak, dependent child, who needs coddling and spoiling to keep him from flying into a temper. It is unlikely that the appeal of the films lay in the way they ended. It was Jimmy Dean, confused, hurt, put-upon, not James Dean heading for manhood, that gave the two movies their popularity.

The Strange Dean Legend

The cultists, then, are likely to find in these films only what can be of use to them. They are no more concerned with the artistic qualities of the movies—and at least some of them have genuine merit as films—than they are concerned with the very real acting abilities of Brando and Dean. They are apparently concerned only with an image constructed of surface mannerisms. The image is not that of an adult hero to be emulated but an extension of all the confusions of adolescence, the concretizing of immaturity until it becomes a swagger, a boast, a sudden explosion.

The cult of Jimmy Dean is the best example. The myth that has grown up around his death has little to do with Jimmy Dean as actor and not necessarily much to do with him as a person. After he was killed in a sports-car accident, a romantic sacrifice to the age's fondness for speed and splendor, he became a kind of legend. The fan mail that came into the studio after his death far exceeded anything that had been received while he was alive. The fan magazines played the "tragedy" for all it was worth, lamenting the waste, but in the lamenting exalting the death into something beautiful. Now not only the standard fan magazines have gone necrophiliac; the newsstands are full of special magazines consisting only of pictures of Dean relaxed, Dean unshaven, Dean in blue jeans, Dean with sports car.

Something called *Rave* (November, 1956) offers a thirty-page life story of the dead star in his own words. By way of iconography for the new hero, the editors of *Modern Screen* (October, 1956) are offering a gold memorial medallion of Dean, suitable for a watch chain or a necklace, and some of the film magazines have carried advertisements for life-size heads of Jimmy Dean, sculpted from a material that supposedly feels like human skin. The image of Jimmy Dean looms as large

across the real sky as does that of Elvis Presley across the fade-out of "Love Me Tender."

In the wake of Brando and Dean, who gave their performances more than mannerism, have come a host of copyists who are going through the form that the new style demands. The movies in which these two appeared—films that were at least trying to do more than exploit a personality—have given way to a raft of lightweight quickies where miniature Brandos and Deans go through their adolescent tricks. Movies on juvenile delinquency, movies on motorcycles, movies on hot rods are trying to cash in on the latest fad in heroes. "Love Me Tender" is not the first time the new stereotype has taken to boots and saddles, to judge by a conventional Western called "The Return of Jack Slade," which I watched for twenty tortured minutes before I gave up and went home; in it, John Ericson, once a fairly straightforward actor, was carrying not only six-guns but the whole repertoire of gestures and stances that are the stock in trade of the bogus Brando.

Variants of the new hero can even be seen in comedy. Jerry Lewis, whose popularity actually preceded that of the serious adolescent heroes, is essentially a noisy, pouting little boy. The wistful, pathetic quality that early comics—such as Charlie Chaplin, Stan Laurel, and Harry Langdon—used to achieve was more the stuff of fantasy than it was of childhood. With Jerry Lewis the comic hero has become a lubberly, rebellious baby.

The extent to which the sad-bad-boy hero has taken over popular culture is so great that its cause cannot be found simply in teen-age admiration for a self-image. He has an appeal beyond the teen-agers. He is apparently attractive to most of the girls and women in the audience, some of whom react to his obvious demand to be mothered, some simply to his sensuality.

His greatest appeal, however, must be in a kinship between him and the times in which he operates. Hollywood has simply come late to a trend that has already been apparent in other arts. Novelists—particularly Southern ones—have taken long, detailed looks at the sensitive adolescent. In some cases, as in Carson McCullers's *The Member of the Wedding* and J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, good novels have resulted, but it is the tendency rather than the individual novel that is disheartening. Childhood has become tremendously salable. The television screens are full of quivering adolescents, and more magazines than the *New Yorker* are full of childhood reminiscences. The movies have just gone the process one better. They have taken the sensitive child and added a little left-over violence from old gangster movies and dressed him in an acting style that is full of identification marks.

I know who he is, the new film hero. He is everyone's adolescence. But why he is or for how long he is it is difficult to tell. Perhaps he will soon wear himself out in an excess of imitation, and then the pasture gates can be reopened and the old film heroes can come back to work. Perhaps there will even be adult heroes in an adult world facing adult problems.

In the meantime, why don't all you boys put down your switchblade knives and come over here and tell Daddy what's the matter?

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Lions and Lemmings, Toads and Tigers

MALCOLM COWLEY

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME, by James Thurber. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

Aesop's animals are Greek citizens, and those of La Fontaine are French peasants or noblemen, with the lion as *Le Grand Monarque*. It is only proper that Thurber's animals should be the mirrors of a new society which seems to consist of college-bred Americans with more bright gadgets than they need and with more neuroses than they can afford.

I suspect that most of them were born in Columbus, Ohio, like the author, and that they have followed him into the Connecticut jungle where they feel at home: lions and lemmings, toads and tigers, wolves and gaudy young wolfesses, all of them busy at their avocations of driving too fast, drinking too much if they are males, worrying about the children if they are mothers, and getting into family arguments. These are usually won by the females, who have the inborn advantage of knowing exactly what they want, which is everything.

In the first of the new fables, two almost shapeless creatures crawl out of the sea at the almost beginning of time. The male feels uneasy in the new environment and globs back into the water (the verb "to glob" is one of Thurber's many inventions), but the female goes flobbering almost imperceptibly toward the scrubby brown growth beyond the sand, while dreaming of things that will later become rose-point lace, taffeta, and jewelry. A couple of eons later, the male feels lonely and comes flobbering after her. And the moral of the story? "Let us ponder this basic fact about the human: Ahead of every man, not behind him, is a woman."

OFTEN in the fables we find the sexes joined in single or wedded combat. A grizzly bear comes home from a month-long bender after a Christmas party to find that his wife has filled the house with lamps that emit an odor of pine cones, chairs that bounce him up and down, cigarette boxes that can't be opened, and supersafety matches that won't light. He smashes the furniture, throws the gadgets out of the window, and goes roaring away with the most attractive of the unmarried female bears, one named Honey. Moral: "Nowadays most men lead lives of noisy desperation." In another fable Proudfoot the tiger is consistently rude to his wife, who rebels one night. Next morning the cubs, male and female, tumble eagerly downstairs while calling to their mother, "What can we do?" She tells them, "You can go in the parlor and play with your father. He's the tiger rug just in front of the fireplace." Moral: "Never be mean to a tiger's wife, especially if you're the tiger."

THOUGH he reports a number of these bloody skirmishes, there is a softer note in many of Thurber's latest communiqués about the war between men and women. He is no longer the stern male patriot that he was in the days when he drew a woman's face on the dragon waiting to devour a timid St. George. As a good moralist, he warns each woman not to be a bragdowdy (in Thurber's definition, a woman who admits, often proudly, that she has let herself go—a frumpess); a hugmoppet (an overaffectionate old woman, a bunnytalker); a starefrock (a woman who stares another woman up and down—hence, a rude female, a hobbledehoyden); or an interfering busybody. "Thou shalt not convert thy neighbor's wife," he tells her, "nor yet louse up thy neighbor's life."

But he also warns each man—here or in other recent work—not to be a snatchkiss (Thurber's word for a kitchen lover); a smugbottle (a man, usually American, who boasts of his knowledge of wines—a fussgrape); or a growp (like Proudfoot the tiger, who kept snarling "Growp," by which he actually meant, "I hope the cubs grow up to be xylophone players or major generals").

Perhaps Thurber thinks of himself as having risen above the hurly-burly, *au dessus de la mêlée*.

The Age of Gudda

At sixty-one, almost sixty-two, he is becoming more inventive in his language but more traditional in his wisdom. The fables find new ways of telling us that all is vanity, that beauty is no more fleeting than ugliness, and that misery loves company but can't always find it. Some of the morals are: "The noblest study of mankind is Man, says Man"; "Where most of us end up there is no knowing, but the hellbent get where they are going"; "It is wiser to be hendubious than cocksure"; "This is the posture of fortune's slave: one foot in the gravy, one foot in the grave"; "You can't very well be the king of beasts if there aren't any"—this for a story of total war in the jungle; and "A word to the wise is not sufficient if it doesn't make any sense," for a fable about the chaos of the English language.

This last has become what is probably his favorite subject of warning. The animals in his fables, like the persons in his stories, are always misunderstanding one another and jumping to fatal conclusions. "Get it right," he tells them, "or leave it alone. The conclusion you jump to may be your own." He also says, "We live, man and worm, in a time when almost everything can mean almost anything, for this is the age of gobbledygook, double-talk, and gudda." Consulting *The Thurber Album*, one learns that gudda, a language spoken in the environs of Columbus, Ohio, is so named for the word that most frequently pops up in it. The word is a verb of possession ("I gudda horse"), of necessity ("I gudda get a horse"), and of futurity ("I'm gudda get a horse tmawra"). Thurber still talks like a man from Columbus—that is, fast and through his nose—but he never uses gudda except when he is doing impersona-

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tions. His effort through most of a long career has been to write lucid, correct, and expensively simple English.

I would hesitate to say that his prose is the best now being written in this country. Other things being equal, the best prose would be that which was most effective in presenting the boldest subjects. Except in his fables, where he can touch them lightly, Thurber has always avoided bold subjects like war and revolution, love and death; he prefers to write about the domestic confusions of people whose sedentary lives are not too different from his own. It isn't a very complicated society that he presents, or one with a rich fabric of inherited values, or one in which men and women are destroyed by their splendid passions. His most ambitious hero is Walter Mitty, who has his visions of glory while buying puppy biscuits. His tragic lover (in "The Evening's at Seven") goes back to a *table d'hôte* dinner at his hotel and, in token of a shattered life, orders consommé instead of clam chowder.

Comedy is his chosen field, and his range of effects is deliberately limited, but within that range there is nobody who writes better than Thurber, that is, more clearly and flexibly, with a deeper feeling for the genius of the language and the value of words.

HE TRIES never to intone or be solemn. "Humor," he once wrote in a letter to me, "cannot afford the ornaments and indulgences of fine writing, the extravagance of consciousness-streaming, or lower-case unpunctuation meanderings. There is a sound saying in the theater: 'You can't play comedy in the dark.' I saw Jed Harris and Billy Rose trying to disprove this one night in Philadelphia twenty-five years ago when they put on an eight-minute Don Marquis skit in absolute darkness: the sounds of voices, glasses, and the cash register of an old-time beer saloon. People fell asleep, or began coughing, or counting their change, or whispering to their neighbors, or reading their programs with pencil flashlights. Comedy has to be done *en clair*. You can't blunt the edge of wit or the point of satire with obscurity."

In his effort to be absolutely clear, he pays so much attention to the meaning and color of words that he speaks of them almost as if they had personalities to be cultivated or avoided. "What could be worse than 'eroticize'?" he asked in another letter. "It is one of those great big

Thurber: self-portrait from *Newsweek*

words, or tortured synonyms, with which psychiatry has infected the language, so that a page of type sometimes looks like a parade of Jack Johnsons wearing solid gold teeth and green carnations in the lapels of their electric-blue morning suits." He prefers the familiar words that would be used in conversation without a self-conscious pause. His art consists in arranging them so that they give the impression of standing cleanly and separately on the page, each in its place like stones in a well-built wall.

That impression is not an easy one to achieve, and Thurber takes endless pains with his stories. He spent fifty working days on "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," which is four thousand words long. By contrast he did a whole book of fifty drawings, *The Last Flower*, in two hours of an otherwise idle evening. He has often explained to art critics that he draws for relaxation, as others doodle at the telephone. He never redraws, but he continually rewrites. Last year he told an interviewer that one of his stories—"The Train on Track Six," still unpublished—had been rewritten fifteen times from beginning to end. "There must have been close to 240,000 words in all the manuscripts put together," he said, "and I must have spent two thousand hours working at it. Yet the finished version can't be more than twenty thousand words."

Not with a Bang but with Babble

His gradual loss of eyesight, now almost total, once threatened to put an end to his work. As early as 1941 he found that he could no longer distinguish the keys of a typewriter. When a series of painful operations failed to restore his vision, he took to writing with a black crayon on yellow copy paper. But his one eye kept growing weaker—the other had been lost in a boyhood accident—and his handwriting larger in compensation, until twenty words filled a page and a hundred used up the crayon. Nobody except his wife and his secretary could decipher what he had written.

Then slowly he trained himself to give dictation. It was harder for him than for most writers, because so much of his work depends on his finding exactly the right word and using it in exactly the right place, but at last he found a practical system that he follows most of the time. He spends the morning turning over the text in his mind, moving words around like a woman redecorating the living room, and then in the afternoon he calls in a secretary. The system would be impossible without his remarkable memory. Sometimes he remembers, word for word, three complete versions of the same story.

His loss of vision has had an effect on his style that will be noted by almost every reader of his new fables. All the sound effects have been intensified, as if one sense had developed at the cost of another, and the language is full of onomatopoeia and alliteration. "The caves of ocean bear no gems," one studious lemming reflects as all the other plunge into the water, "but only soggy glub and great gobs of mucky gump." Man tells the dinosaur, in one of the best fables, "You are one of God's moderately amusing early experiments . . . an excellent example of Jehovah's jejune juvenilia." There are puns too, like "Monstrosity is the behemother of extinction," and there are rhymes not only in the morals but scattered through the text, so that whole passages could be printed as verse.

But this preoccupation with words,

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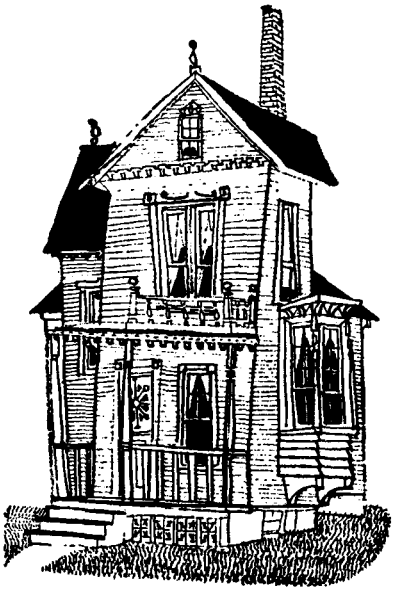
with their sound, sense, and arrangement into patterns, has affected more than the style of the fables. It is also transforming the imagination of the author, who seems to be presenting us with a completely verbalized universe. The only conceivable end for the inhabitants of such a universe would be mass suicide resulting from complete verbal confusion; and that is exactly how Thurber pictures them as ending, in the fable about lemmings which also ends the collection.

It seems that a single excited lemming started the exodus by crying "Fire!" when he saw the rising sun. Hundreds followed him toward the ocean, then thousands, each shouting a different message of fear or exultation. "It's a pleasure jaunt!" squeaked an elderly female lemming. "A treasure hunt!" echoed a male who had been up all night; "Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear." His daughter heard only the last word and shouted, "It's a bear! Go it!" Others among the fleeing thousands shouted "Goats!" and "Ghosts!" until there were almost as many different alarms as there were fugitives. Then they all plunged into the seas, and that was the end of the lemmings.

Symbolically it was also the end of mankind as only Thurber could have imagined it: not with a bang, not with a whimper, but in a universal confusion of voices and meanings.



Some Footnotes On the Fiction of '56

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

The Last Hurrah, by Edwin O'Connor. *Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.*

Bang the Drum Slowly, by Mark Harris. *Knopf. $3.50.*

The Man Who Was Not With It, by Herbert Gold. *Little, Brown. $3.75.*

The Floating Opera, *by John Barth. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.95.*

The Presence of Grace, *by J. F. Powers. Doubleday. $1.95.*

Giovanni's Room, by James Baldwin. *Dial Press. $3.*

The Field of Vision, by Wright Morris. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.*

Seize the Day, by Saul Bellow. *Viking. $3.*

The resemblances among these eight works of fiction are no more, perhaps, than one would expect out of a batch of books hatched within the last calendar year by a group of American writers between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. They reflect, in part, I suppose, the limitations of my own taste, though that is of the time, too; for I have included no authors whom I have not liked in the past or have not had reason to think I might like or have been baffled at not liking.

True, I intend to discuss *The Last Hurrah,* prize winner and best-seller and example of a kind of smug bad writing that I find particularly unsympathetic. But it is only its *kind* of bad writing, after all, that distinguishes *The Last Hurrah* from the other books in my list; indeed, one common ground of these books is precisely their stylistic uneasiness, their uncertainty about what "good writing" is—and beyond that, their doubt about whether it is not really un-American to pursue such an idea at all. For the most unsure, there is always the Ring Lardner surrender, the retreat behind a semi-literate narrator; and the mere substitution of "could of" for "could have" is apparently an endless delight to the type of reader who also takes such "American" speech as a guarantee of the authentic humanity of character and author. *Bang the Drum Slowly* makes use of this pseudo-folk device ("I was his poll-bear, and 2 fellows from the crate and box plant . . . but no *person* from the club. They could of sent somebody"). Certain critics responding on cue have hastened to mention Mark Twain, though others have brought up Damon Runyon and given away the game.

Even writers who reject so obvious a dodge are plagued by our lack of a literary language and cannot help feeling that in order to tell a story they must first invent the words to tell it. Such inventions are sometimes no more successful than the prose of *The Man Who Was Not With It,* an imaginary American language so limp and pretentious that nothing it describes can be brought into focus. Yet there is a critical difference between writing like Edwin O'Connor's "Then had come with terrifying swiftness, the accident: the skidding crash of automobiles on a rain soaked highway, the death of both mother and father in one blinding instant. And so, Adam, stunned, alone . . ." and writing like Herbert Gold's "There's a good and with it way to be not with it, too."

O'Connor's sustained clichémongering indicates only that he has not even awakened to the problem of language, while Gold's sentence, however cute and up-to-date, represents an attempt to crash through to a living idiom. Beyond such stunts lies the true marriage of colloquial and formal speech into a quiet and tentative poetry, as in Saul Bellow and Wright Morris. Only J. F. Powers seems able to by-pass the problem, his grace and clarity seeming more British than American. When he takes up a mask through which to speak, he finds inevitably the cat Fritz, whose style rather resembles Saki's Tobermory (converted to Catholicism, naturally). If the *New Yorker* lies in wait

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for Powers at his most relaxed, it only proves there's a trap for everybody in the land of opportunity.

Popularity, Pseudo-Pops, Politics

Not merely on the level of language, but everywhere these novelists seem driven by a need to come to terms with the popular. Their deepest images for expressing the human situation come to them out of mass culture: for Mark Harris baseball; for John Barth the show boat; for Gold the carnival; for Morris the bullfight and a memory of Ty Cobb. What passes for politics in *The Last Hurrah* is chiefly a folk festival, vote getting as public entertainment. Even James Baldwin's book and one of Bellow's stories are played out against the current orgy of tourism that threatens to become our chief national sport. At one point in *The Floating Opera,* a Shakespearean actor, reciting Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy, which parallels the chief theme of the book, is driven from the stage under a mocking barrage of pennies and catcalls to make way for the minstrels. It is an apt enough symbol of the novelist's status among the not-quite arts, though Barth typically renders it as unsympathetic comedy. However debased, popular culture still represents a hope for community based on ritual and the oldest dreams of heroism and beauty, quite different both from the artist's loneliness and the bourgeois belongingness against which he defines it.

Sex and marriage, on the other hand, play a limited role in these books. I do not mean that they are absent, merely that they seldom are in the center, not even in Barth's book, an early chapter of which is labeled succinctly "Coitus." Only Gold permits the popular happy ending of marriage; but even in his book the most lovingly developed scenes deal not with the feeling of Bud for his "little Joy" but with the struggle of a boy caught between two fathers, natural and adopted.

The love of father and children, most typically father and son, is in general the deepest passion of these novels. The flight from the real father and the search for a substitute seems still to be the American theme, the obsession of fatherless men.

The oddest character in these books is the Imaginary Father who recurs in many forms: as O'Connor's Uncle Frank, the political boss as ideal papa; as Powers's bishops and aging, crotchety priests; as Gold's Grack, barker and murderer, sweating out a five-dollar dope habit with a lost boy; finally as Boyd in *The Field of Vision* or Andrews in *The Floating Opera,* possible progenitors by women they never married of kids they never claimed. They are heroes of the most bizarre American dream: to be a bachelor's bastard offspring in a world that distrusts marriage and will not grant salvation to husband or faithful son.

In the world of pseudo paternity and popular culture, politics is almost as meaningless as marriage. How empty these books are of social implications, compared, say, to the proletarian novels of the 1930's! Any engagement with party or sect, even an awakening sense of one's class, once the staples of fiction, are excluded as denouements. Marriage is at least accepted as a fact of existence, part of a web of sorrows, but politics has become utterly unreal. It is not that these writers are innocent of politics; the older ones like Bellow and Morris have lived through the time when the definition of man was sought in social terms; and even Barth at twenty-six evokes memories of the Spanish Civil War, letting his characters recall allegiances that now possess no meaning for them.

The collapse of the notion of political man has left our writers both free and bewildered, aware that their task is to say what *is* human, or rather to show us how it feels to be human in an age that has forsworn all conventional definitions of humanity. But any attempt to present a sense of human destiny in terms of feeling unsustained by systematic thought is dogged by the threat of sentimentality.

The Last Hurrah and *Bang the Drum Slowly* are both cases in point. Exposed to their "warm humanity," one feels as if he had been greeted by a large and affectionate Saint Bernard with a more than normally wet tongue. The problem of political action, the riddle of means and ends, the relationship of private torment to public performance—down these crooked corridors O'Connor does not choose to go. His is not, despite its superficial documentation, a book about politics for it is not a book about men in their complex inwardness. One has only to compare it with Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* to see that it is not a work of art at all, but an act of middlebrow piety, a tribute to the Irish of Boston on the level of Bing Crosby singing "Toora-loora-loora." A similar comparison between *Bang the Drum Slowly* and Bernard Malamud's *The Natural* reveals the weakness of the former. Like Malamud, Harris chooses baseball as a metaphor for revealing to us the ironic interplay of our dream of heroism and the facts of brutality and commercialism; but he ends by choosing only to extort a tear by showing us, a little patly, the success of a failure, as O'Connor attempts the same game by playing on the failure of a success.

The abjectness of the two books is revealed in their endings, where in the face of death we learn not that understanding can redeem the worst we can suffer, but only that sentimentality can grant what life will not give. Harris's third-string catcher, wooden-headed and inept, hits in the clutch and dies fussed over by his former tormentors, won to humanity by the knowledge that he is dying of an incurable disease. O'Connor's political boss goes down to unexpected defeat and dies of a heart attack when the world of politics he knows disappears from around him, while we are expected to echo his friend the priest, "Oh, grand, grand, grand," in approving his deathbed bravado and incomprehension of anything he has done.

Bathos and Burlesque

The tear in the eye redeems all; through its haze we are unable to make out that the figures we are asked to pity are no more real than the newspaper models on whom they are based, no more real than our disordered selves. But if the novel can do no better than the morning paper, we shall never discover in what sense we are real. We shall only cry a little—and of course laugh a little, for such books are inevitably intended to be funny too.

I do not mean to say, of course,

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that humor in the novel is inevitably nothing more than an embarrassed, protective device. Herbert Gold tries to be funny, too, as does John Barth, but in their work the humor is intended as an antidote to self-pity, the outsider and artist laughing at himself instead of sniveling according to the romantic convention.

I sympathize with the aim of the humor in Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It,* but unfortunately it is not a very funny book. A brief excerpt will suffice: "Go without socks if you have to, but get yourself a suitcase: that's my advice to young men who want to get ahead and a piece." This, after all, is college humor, a clue not only to the forced quality of Gold's book (a feeling that he is fulfilling obligations rather than a talent) but also to an essential childishness (a sense that he has not grown up to the problems he can imagine). In occasional and always little scenes, Gold attains a kind of authority and power, but he cannot create the sense of a world that goes on beyond and around his immediate focus of action, so that in this drama of the carnival world there is in the end no carnival at all.

BARTH'S *Floating Opera* is funnier, at least, and its jokes are not embarrassing: a loose-jointed, self-indulgent sort of book, full of amiable blat and nonsense, padded out with the programs of minstrel shows, and counterpointed from time to time by scenes of real horror. It is only as one becomes aware that the author is half secretly proffering some of his blat as wisdom, that the book as a whole is intended as an illumination of the problem of suicide, that one is a little troubled.

As a first book, however, this seems to me reasonably successful, a charming piece of Provincial American existentialism, which commits the author to nothing for the future but permits him to try out his technical skill.

Powers's stories in *The Presence of Grace* are also tempted by humor, the very title a pun. In the past I have always enjoyed Powers's jokes; but I confess I liked them better in his first collection of stories, when they were counterweighted by his acute sense of the diabolic. He has still command of his particular milieu, the inside scoop on priests' housekeepers and pinochle in the rectory, but he seems to me to be losing the power to evoke from the trivial detail of this world the texture and meaning of evil. His slick and tricky little cat stories do not really disconcert me, though I distrust their hard commercial finish, their essential pettiness. It is when he tries the big subject, as in "The Devil Was a Joker," and cannot evoke the old authority of terror that I begin to worry—though, indeed, there remains to him still a skill and penetration beyond the scope of most younger writers.

Terror and Truth

It is the authority of terror that distinguishes James Baldwin, Wright Morris, and Saul Bellow from the current run-of-the-mill novelists. They offer first the passport of their styles, their common concern with finding a language that is neither posture nor surrender; but their final credential is a willingness to be not less horrible than life itself. Baldwin's book is scarcely more than a novelette, an old-fashioned moral story, sparely and even primly told, with a kind of painful honesty. It is almost banal, this study of a man who chooses conventional marriage over a forbidden love and ends by destroying his lovers and himself. Told in terms of, say, the Jewish boy who rejects the Gentile girl or the white man regretfully disavowing a Negro mistress, it would be a familiar theme; but Baldwin sets his protagonist between homosexual love and heterosexual marriage, between an Italian boy and an American girl—so that there is finally an international parable involved in David's abandonment of Giovanni for Hella whom he cannot finally marry though he has bought her with his friend's death. David is American enough to have asked *what kind* of love one should choose rather than *whom* one should love; but he is also human enough not to feel sure he has asked the right question. And he ends with a sense of being trapped in a world that believes love is good but no longer knows what love is.

Like Baldwin's, Morris's novel is about Americans in a strange world, in Mexico this time rather than in Paris, before the bullring rather than the bistros. But in each place, images of our home-grown torment are projected onto the foreign arena; one lives again what he has fled and has the chance to supersede it. In Baldwin's book there is at last only defeat and the acceptance of it, very hopeless and pure; in Morris there is a promise of "transformation," a sea change at the bottom of the water upon which one cannot walk—in the image that haunts Morris's book. Again, the success of failure, but on how unsentimental a plane!

One cannot really hope for Morris a wide popularity, yet one cannot resist wishing it. The author of ten books now, he persists in his tough, quiet, icy passion to know and to say; and the image of American life that emerges from his whole work is unequaled by any author of his generation.

YET beside the slow, somber beauty of Saul Bellow's novella, the title piece of the present collection, even Morris seems a little fussy and nervous. *Seize the Day* represents Bellow's return to his most modest and authentic vein, to the low-keyed melancholy of *The Victim* from the shrill euphoria of *Augie March.* Gone is the almost hysterical need to assert joy; gone the love affairs Bellow can never do quite convincingly. The central relationships are between a son and a father, a dupe and his exploiter, a failure and the world he has neither the luck nor the virtue to move. Stripped little by little of every conventional claim to humanity—money, family, a job, love, courage, and manhood itself—Tommy Wilhelm stands at last in his spiritual nakedness before the corpse of a stranger, to learn that he possesses still one power unalienable this side of the grave: the power to know his plight, to *live* it in all its indignity. With this insight, not Tommy alone but Bellow too has found a resolution. He has succeeded for the first time in ending a long work without the irrelevance or self-destroying irony that mar his earlier novels, yet without a lapse into sentimentality. The minimal humanity of Tommy Wilhelm we can recognize as our own, though not without that shudder which is our final tribute to the truth.

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Book Notes

This being the season when publishers are bringing out some of their handsomest books, here is a list, far too brief and far from exclusive, of a few gift books we have seen and liked, books that would be welcomed as permanent additions on anyone's bookshelves.

ATLAS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, by Frederic Van Der Meer. English version by T. A. Birrell. 54 Maps in colors; 989 photogravure illustrations. *Cleaver-Hume, London; for Elsevier, Amsterdam. $13.50.*

In the incessant contemporary jabber about western civilization and its values, it is important to remember that the West is not the whole world; that ours is not a perfected society, stabilized once and for all, to which the whole world must be made subservient; that the West, on the contrary, may in time be compelled to transmit its heritage to new centers of energy and power; but that the values which form this heritage are nonetheless real, universal, and enduring. They came to us from Israel, Greece, and Rome; Christianity fused them. The centuries from that of St. Augustine to our own produced the western civilization we know.

This extraordinary atlas does not exactly recount the process. That has been done in immense libraries of books. This is something new. It is an *aide-mémoire,* composed with extreme skill, by combining a clear and sober text with nearly a thousand photographs and half a hundred maps. The photographs start with the mysterious, archaic smile of Greek sculpture and end, in the technical age, with the Hoover Dam. Between are the endlessly changing forms in architecture, painting, sculpture, and illuminated manuscript that stand as evidence of ceaseless inquiry but also of assurance and belief. Because of their great variety, these photographs in themselves might blur, like a documentary film run off too rapidly. But they are related to the maps, which stop the film at each of the great breaks in western history. Properly, since this book is called an atlas, it is the maps that constitute its most original feature.

Upon the unchanging physical outline of Europe, the achievement of each age is superimposed in successive maps. The monuments—Chartres, Santiago de Compostela, Cluny, Winchester—are indicated, but so are the names of the great writers, theologians, revolutionaries, and monarchs. The maps say: Here, at this moment and not before, these people, these buildings, these paintings were what the West knew; here is what there was to see and touch and think about when the Roman Empire was Christianized; here is Gothic civilization as it soared high after the twelfth-century Renaissance; here is the *Grand Siècle* in France, here the Age of Voltaire, here the much-abused yet colossal nineteenth century; and finally here we are with our dams, our atoms, and our roads—the cloverleafs pointing in all directions—leading us we know not where.

Every mark on every map brings a memory of reading, of travel, or suggests the delights of reading and travel. But this book does more than that: It shows us what we are by showing us what we have been. Of course it is not a book to be read through at one or many sittings; it is a volume for permanent possession, to turn to again and again in order to see our western heritage in perspective.

ITALIAN PAINTING: TWELVE CENTURIES OF ART IN ITALY. Text by Edith Appleton Standen. 104 illustrations with 86 in full color. ("Great Masters of the Past" series, Vol. II.) *New York Graphic Society. $20.*

LOUVRE: MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING. Text and Captions by Germain Bazin. 54 illustrations with 46 in color. ("Great Masters of the Past" series, Vol. III.) *New York Graphic Society. $18.*

The Empress Theodora and her suite in all their Byzantine solemnity are portrayed in the sixth-century mosaics of the Church of San Vitale, in Ravenna. Eighteenth-century French travelers occasionally found themselves in Ravenna, though not on purpose, while traveling north, from Rimini perhaps, to Venice; they looked up at the Empress, met her stern gaze, and—how they managed to do it no one now can imagine—jeered at her. They said she was ugly, stiff, and barbaric. It is fitting that a reproduction of one of the most moving portraits ever ac-

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complished should be the first plate in this fine selection from twelve centuries of Italian art.

It is improbable that Piero della Francesca, who worked seven hundred years later, ever saw the Ravenna mosaics, but his work, more than that of any other Italian artist, recalls their gravity and thus demonstrates the fact that there are immutable canons in art that transcend all innovation. The della Francesca plates in this volume—details from "The Victory of Constantine," "The Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon," and "The Death of Adam"—are of the same high technical quality the publishers are bringing to all their current production.

The Graphic Society's companion volume reproduces the Italian paintings accumulated over the centuries by the French nation, through fair means and occasionally through foul, and preserved in the Louvre. The collection shows the inexhaustible wealth of Italian artistry: Withdrawing from Italy so many masterpieces, the French have scarcely diminished the Italian treasure. Here in these books is the museum without walls that André Malraux talks about, open to viewers all over the world.

Our Literary Heritage, by Van Wyck Brooks and Otto L. Bettmann. *Dutton. $8.50.*

Amid the flood of picture books which publishers unloose at this time each year on subjects ranging from the Civil War to clipper ships, fine arts, and back again to the Civil War, here is one with a refreshing new idea.

Subtitled "A Pictorial History of the Writer in America," it is a collection of some five hundred photographs, prints, and contemporary drawings of six generations of American authors, their habitat, and their subjects, coupled with a running text provided by Van Wyck Brooks. The editorial formula sounds simple. Yet its execution is extraordinarily subtle.

Mr. Brooks's text is drawn from the five-volume history of American literature which he began so successfully with *The Flowering of New England* and to which, when rounded out after almost twenty years of labor, he gave the collective title *Makers and Finders*. To cut up and reduce such a massive narrative into a residue of glorified captions accompanying a picture series is surely one of the most drastic pieces of surgery ever performed upon a magnum opus with its author's own consent. Rather amazingly, the daring operation comes off—so carefully has the scalpel been applied. Stripped of their footnotes, their purplish passages, and their chronic garrulity, his pen portraits of key figures from Benjamin Franklin to E. E. Cummings come through with brisk incisiveness. The result is not mere captions but trenchant brief essays

The best of what has been omitted from *Makers and Finders*—passages on setting, atmosphere, mood, appearance—has been taken over by the pictures themselves, assembled by the sensitive hand of the archivist and graphic historian Otto Bettmann. So we have eleven pictures of Walt Whitman, ranging from photographs presenting him in the various poses he assumed throughout his lifetime to a caricature by Max Beerbohm and a contemporary sketch showing him among the Bohemians at the tables at Pfaff's. The themes and moods of Cooper's, Mark Twain's, and Stephen Crane's novels are recalled by the illustrations with which their early editions appeared. Washington Irving is seen in his Tarrytown glen, Sinclair Lewis in his Model T Ford. There are rare photographs of the elusive Henry Adams and his circle—including one of John Hay clutching a copy of Adams's first novel. Poe's child-wife, Hawthorne's Manse, Amy Lowell's salon, Robert Frost's weathered hillside—all are there. The collection as a whole is saved from being merely anecdotal by Brooks's commentary, which presupposes in the reader a love and respect of the course of American letters and does its best in brief to delineate the main themes and problems and triumphs of our literary mainstream.

Far from being another publisher's stunt album, this is an affectionate and haunting memory book of American test and achievement in an art in which we have much that is strong and rich to cherish. Perhaps its best feature is its modesty. It stands there not as a monument in itself but as a gracious means of opening the doors to the books and authors themselves.

The Columbia Encyclopedia, with a new 96-page supplement of illustrations and a record of events 1950-1956 bound in. *Columbia University Press. $35.* Supplement alone, *$5.*

In the short time since the first printing of its first edition in 1935, the Columbia Encyclopedia has managed to take a place very near the Bible and a good dictionary among household necessities for people who still do a certain amount of serious reading. Not everyone can afford either the space or the money for a full-size encyclopedia; the one-volume Columbia goes a surprisingly long way toward filling the void, and in some ways it may actually be preferable. Very often you just want to find the salient dates and facts about a subject in fifty or a hundred words instead of sitting down to read a long article about it. For those who do want more, the Columbia's bibliographical notes at the end of each item are both useful and authoritative. The type, while economically small in size, is attractive and readable; something of the same might be said of the prose style throughout. The book is a pleasure to own and use.

This new printing contains a supplement of maps and line drawings to illustrate the articles as well as a number of new articles to update the main body of the text. The supplement can be bought separately for five dollars, but the real bargain is the thirty-five-dollar investment.

Picasso: A Study of his work by Frank Elgar and a Biographical Study by Robert Maillard. Translated from the French by Francis Scarfe. *Praeger. $5.*

Profusely and remarkably well illustrated in color and black and white, these twin accounts prove that a thoroughly satisfying art book need not always be expensive. Here in sequence is Picasso's exciting and impressive production over the years, an invaluable gift for those whose knowledge of the artist's work has been intermittent and fragmentary.

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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

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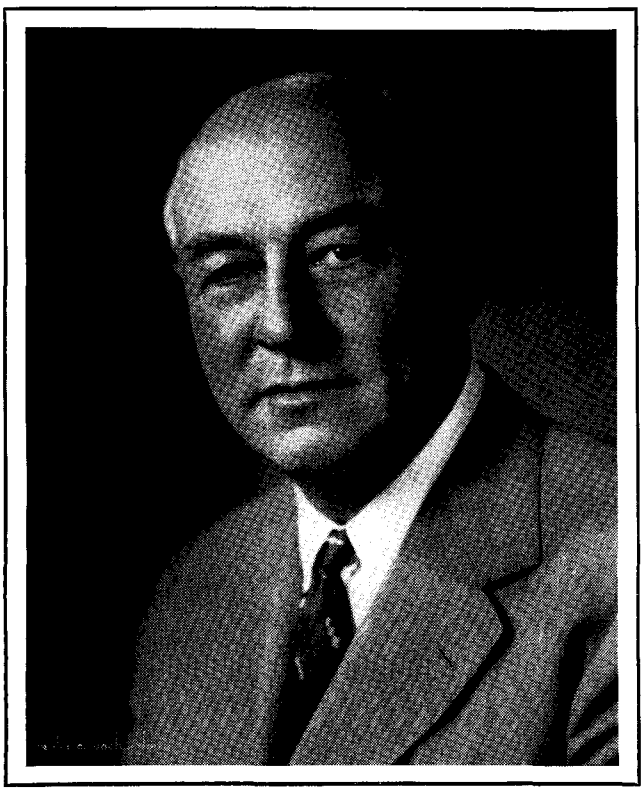

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